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FRANCES,
OR
PIRATE COVE.

A Legend of Cape-Breton.

BY W. C. M'KINNON.

" The stormy waves dash'd high
On a wild and rock bound coast,
And the trees against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tost.—
And the heavy night hung dark
The woods and waters o'er,
When a band of pilgrims moor'd their bark
On the wild new England shore."

For Sale at the American Book Store: 33 Hollis Street, Halifax.

CAN ed at the Office of the "British North American."
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OR

PIRATE COVE.

A Legend of Cape-Breton.

BY WM. CHARLES M'KINNON,

AUTHOR OF "ST. CASTINE," "CHILD OF THE SUN," "MIDNIGHT MURDER," &c.

CHAPTER I.

Despair.

"He was a mark
For blight and desolation."—BYRON'S DREAM.

"Yes!" he cried—no longer able to control the pent-up agony of his soul—"it is but one bold plunge, after all, and then—all is over forevermore! Eternity!—tush! why should that bugbear affright us? Who has ever returned from the grave to satisfy our doubts as to an hereafter? Pah! it is all a fable; the Romans had their elysium, the Moslem his paradise—the Christian his heaven—and all of them are dupes. I cannot stand this whirl of thought—this maddening memory of the past—one brave plunge, and I am at rest forever! At rest?—and can there be a rest for me?" and he accompanied the exclamation by a phrenzied movement of the hand against his throbbing forehead.

The person thus soliloquizing was a young man, perhaps, twenty-five or twenty-seven years of age; tall and well-formed, with a swarthy complexion, and dark eyes and hair. His features wore a certain degree of beauty, and were bold and masculine—but the expression was bad—and evinced discontent mingled with despair. His dress consisted of a blue frock, and canvas trowsers, belted round the waist, in the manner peculiar to sailors; but there was a marked contrast between his white hands and the coarse costume in which he was dressed.

At the time of which we write he is standing on the fore-castle of a brig, with his arms folded and apparently lost in contemplation. Around him, engaged in their various duties, are a number of men, some wearing clothes of a similar description, and others infinitely worse dressed. Let us follow him in the train of his reflections and thereby learn something of his situation:

"Yes"—he continued, "it is but one leap into those dark waters, and all is over. This mysterious thinking power, called the human mind, can agonize no longer, and I shall be at

rest. Oh, could I fly from my thoughts—could I become insensible to the past and the future alike—could I only become like those animated and breathing clods of dust around me—with sufficient power of reasoning to vie with the instinct possessed by the brute creation—it would be all I ask. But reflection will drive me mad. To possess thousands but a few weeks since—and now—to be penniless! and penniless by my own mad conduct—by lavishing my living on cheats, gamblers, drunkards and courtezans! To be, but a month since, the associate of the refined, the beautiful, the learned, the rich—and now to be an outcast—the companion of all that is vulgar and vile, ignorant and unsympathizing!—Great heaven! what human brain could bear it! To be refused employment, even in the meanest capacity; to be almost spurned from every door—to go as a mendicant for permission to toil; it cannot be endured.—They may talk of men of moral courage and philosophic fortitude—but those who talk so, never had their theory put to such a test as this. And now to become the companion of these degraded men, and work my passage to a foreign land! No! I cannot do it. Let me end this brief existence—one plunge, and it is done. There is no hereafter—why should I fear. Everything in this universe is in a state of transition; everything is resolved back to its original, and so is man. His body is resolved back into the elements, and immortal spirit he has none. Yet they say that there is an overruling Providence. Have I not adured him to stay me in my mad career? and yet I was not stayed. True, I made no effort, but had I even done so, effort was vain—for a resistless destiny precipitated me onwards, and I could not pause. Well—I will put the thing to the test. I will go on shore; I will make one attempt to earn my living; but, stop! I may be apprehended—never mind, I will try. If that fails, I have still the last resource, and can act the Roman's part."

At this moment a man who was engaged in unloading the vessel, and whose peculiar construction of visage and figure made him rather conspicuous, addressed the young man:—

"I say, my friend with the white hands," he exclaimed, "if you don't intend to work, get out of other people's way, will you? We don't want no skulkers here."

So absorbed was the person addressed in his moody meditations, that, although he heard the words, he did not comprehend their import, and consequently they passed unheeded. Now, Mr. Ruggles, the gentleman who had addressed him, was not versed in those absent fits denominated brown studies, but rather thought that his young friend was doing him brown by this system of silent contempt, and he exclaimed angrily:—

"Come, by George, my fine fellow, those big airs wont pass current here—what do you take yourself for, you sickly-looking cur, that you don't mind what I say—eh?"

The young man suddenly turned round; a scowl of ferocious wrath blackened his face, and with a volley of oaths, and in language that showed a long acquaintance with the London Hells, he struck the man with his clenched fists, a few blows, which sent him headlong to the deck, and showed how great was the youth's skill in the art of scientific boxing. On accomplishing this feat, he sullenly descended the forehatch, and disappeared below.

The man he had struck arose to his feet slowly; an expression of murderous wrath flushed to his face, and he clutched the knife which was belted at his side, with a phrenzied gesture. Then, as if recollecting himself, he muttered—"Fool! what am I about?—if I destroy him, I destroy my revenge, and my future prospects also. I am sure it is *him*—and all I have got to do is to put him in a place where I can lay my hand on him whenever I want him. The father, too, I've found—but it was after a precious long hunt. I've tracked him to this vessel, in which he goes passenger, and if I mind my eye, I'll make everything go straight enough yet." And, with this half-uttered reflection, he moodily resumed his work.

"Dat was a pad plow, mynheer Ruggles," observed a Dutchman who was standing by, and who appeared to be altogether indifferent as to the scene around him, if one could judge by the unconcerned manner in which he looked on—his hands plunged to the bottomless abyss of his breeches pockets, and his pipe emitting puffs of smoke at regular intervals of about one per minute—

"Dat man vas pe used to dat sort of fight before jesh now. Hunner tousand teuvils, vat vor you not put your dirk in his pelly?"

"Hans," cried the other, as if an idea had struck him, "doesn't that fire-eating Captain of yours want men?"

"Yaw—ven he can drust dem."

"Well, he can trust me, I suppose, since I already know his secret; see, Hans, I'm sick of this kind of life, and if you go and tell your captain to come and see me right off, I think I can find him a smart hand."

"Who vas he?—nod dat chat vat strike you jesh now?"

"Never mind—do as I tell you or your master will be angry. When do you sail?"

"Dat vas debend on vat time you sail; we lak for keeb company."

"That is your craft lying there?" asked Ruggles, nodding with his head towards a small but beautifully moulded brigantine, with raking masts and long, taunt yards.

"Yaw," said the Dutchman, who seemed to possess more than the due proportion of phlegm and taciturnity attributed to his nation.

"Well, Hans," continued the other, "go and do my bidding to the terrible captain, and send him to me at once; in the meantime, I will find out when we sail and all the rest of it. Hush!—here comes Mason. We must not appear to have been talking—stand to one side."

The young man first spoken of now came up from the hatchway, and so great was the transformation which he had undergone while below, that it was almost impossible to recognize him; instead of the sailor's blouse and tarry trowsers, he wore a full suit of black of the finest description, and, as far as outward appearances went, he now seemed to be a person of education and refinement.

"I thought so all along," muttered Ruggles eyeing him furtively, as the youth advanced along the wharf in order to meet a small, elderly man who was slowly walking towards the vessel. This latter personage was a rich merchant from New England, who was on the point of returning home, having visited Great Britain with his daughter, for the purpose of providing her with suitable teachers, and finishing her education. She now remained behind him. He wore a rich, warm dress, and appeared in the possession of all the comforts that wealth can afford. "As we shall have to speak of this man again, however, we will leave his description for a future chapter."

"Ha! that is old Mason!" muttered the man we have called Ruggles, as his eyes lit up with savage joy, "ha, have I traced him at last. But, if he should recognize that young limb of the devil now!—tush, what chance is there of his doing that!—he never saw him but once."

The young man advanced slowly towards the other, as if hesitating whether to address him or not; at length, he appeared to have made up his mind as to the course he should pursue, for, touching his hat, he said, in a hesitating voice:—

"Pardon me, sir, but as I understand you are just about embarking in this vessel for America, and as I am extremely anxious to proceed to that country, but am unable to procure the means, I thought, perhaps, we might enter into some arrangement whereby I could pay you, on my arrival there, for any expense incurred by me while accompanying you."

The merchant regarded him, at first, with a broad stare of surprise, which gradually changed into a look of coldness and suspicion; he drew in his thin lips, and remarked, as he adjusted his cloak still closer about him, and without stopping, while the youth walked by his side, back towards the vessel—

"Pay me when you get there?"—how do you propose paying me—have you got the money?"

"No, sir," answered the young man; "but I am informed that you are engaged in extensive mercantile operations, and as I am fully competent to go into a counting room, and in many respects to render myself useful, I feel certain of being able to requite your kindness by services of that kind."

"Hum—ha," mused the merchant, looking still more freezing and suspicious; "and why do you ask me in particular to do this service for you—we are perfect strangers, sir—what claims can you have on me? Ah, I see how it is, young man—take my advice, and go home to your parents."

The youth's eyes flashed fiercely: "I have no parents!" he exclaimed hastily—"and I make this request of you merely for this reason—that you are going to America whither I also wish to proceed, and have the means of giving me a passage."

"I must decline doing so," said the merchant, coldly; "putting aside the fact that we are perfect strangers, there still remains other obstacles; in the first place, I have in my employment, already, a sufficient number; in all of them I can place confidence, and it would be hardly reasonable for me to dismiss any of them to make room for a person of whom I know nothing." And so saying, he stepped on board the vessel.

The young man stood gazing after him for some time; an expression of hopeless despair settled upon his features, and, at length, he turned away sullenly and left the wharf.

During this conversation the man named Ruggles, although apparently working, was paying the deepest attention to what was going on. At its conclusion, he muttered, in a scarce audible tone—

"So goes the world! He does not know now that that is his own son—and with my consent he shall not know it yet awhile. Oh, no—I must revenge myself on that young scapegrace, and at the same time make a bugbear of him to frighten the old fellow, as soon as the proper time comes. I'll make the same request of him which the youngster did—see if he'll refuse me. But, stop—here is the terrible Captain coming—I must put him on the scent first of all, before I do anything else."

As he thus mused, a person wearing a seaman's dress, and with a ferocious cast of countenance, approached the spot, and Ruggles advanced to meet him.

A short but energetic conversation took place between them, which resulted in the

Captain turning away and following in the direction which the young man had taken—while Ruggles turned back and confronted the merchant.

CHAP. II.

Captain Sarsfield.

"We are the sport of time and terror."—MANFRED.

The latter was now pacing the quarterdeck, accompanied by the Captain of the vessel; but without evincing the slightest idea that he was intruding, Ruggles advanced towards him, and at once, in a tone of coarse familiarity, broke in upon their conversation:

"I say, Mr. Mason," he cried—"I want to have a few words with you when it suits your convenience; are you at leisure?"

"Who are you, and what do you want?" asked Mason, eyeing him in surprise, at the same time walking to one side to give him the desired opportunity of speaking in private.

"You don't recollect me, Mr. Mason?"

"No—what do you want?"

"I want a passage to America."

"A passage?"

"Yes—a free passage."

"Are all the people mad!" exclaimed the merchant angrily—"why do ask me for a passage?"

"Because you durst not refuse me, Mason," answered Ruggles warmly.

"Insolent rascal! do you dare to threaten me?"

"I do—I threaten you with death!"

"You threaten to murder me!" exclaimed Mason, starting back, horrified—"vagabond! I will have you arrested."

"Vagabond, I will have you—arrested," answered the other, with perfect *sang froid*.

"What!" cried Mason, starting back, and while an ashy paleness overspread his face—"arrest me, did you say?"

"That's what I said, and that's what I mean too; why shouldn't I?"

"It is Ruggles!" screamed the merchant, gazing into his companion's face—"there is not another man in England dare make use of such words to me but you."

"Yes," observed Ruggles, with a coarse sneer, "it was rather unkind in you to forget so old and tried a friend as Jack Ruggles has been—but I guess you'll give us a passage over the herring pond now."

Mason wrung his hands and groaned aloud. "Was not the world wide enough," he cried, "that we might live without your haunting me thus!"

"O, I dare say—but I like to keep near to you to put you in mind of that night—"

"Don't speak of it!" cried Mason, holding up his hands and shuddering—"O, madman that I was!"

"Yes, it was rather a mad trick, for after all I believe the boy was your own; but sorrow always comes when it's too late. She had a

fortune left her after that, too—but I suppose you heard all about it."

"Talk no more of it," cried Mason, who was now excessively agitated, as he walked hurriedly to and fro—"Never speak of that horrible event again!"

"And what am I to get for my silence?" said Ruggles.

"Name your price."

He did so, and it was a long one; nevertheless it was agreed to, and matters amicably arranged.

In the meantime, we shall turn to another character of our narrative.

As the young man first introduced to the reader turned away and left the pier, his whole soul wrapped in fierce and gloomy meditations, he was met by another person—one destined to fill a conspicuous part in our tale. This was a young man of about four and twenty, but whose face was still youthful and bore few traces of those evil passions which so frequently stamp themselves upon the human countenance, making the wearer appear, "old in his youth and blasted in his prime." The expression of his features was frank and manly, at the same time, slightly tinged with that haughty and defiant stamp so peculiarly the characteristic of the ancient English Aristocracy. His hair, which was of deep brown, curled in wavy clusters above his white forehead, while his clear hazel eye, and short, curved upper lip, gave an intellectual cast to a countenance almost faultless in its proportions. He wore the uniform of a naval officer.

On perceiving the other young man, who was advancing towards him from the wharf, his eyes bent to the earth, and walking with a slow and measured step—he appeared at once to recognize him, for he advanced rapidly towards him and, extending his hand, exclaimed familiarly—

"My old school mate, Jordan—is it possible! Why, man! can scarce call to mind when I saw you last, it seems so long. Well—how have you been since?"

The young man addressed as Jordan took the proffered hand mechanically, but gazed into the speaker's face with a wild and vacant stare. At length he seemed to recollect himself—

"Mr. Sarsfield," he said, almost savagely, "we are no longer equals; if you knew my present position, you would not address me in the language of former days. You still retain your place amongst the high-born and the rich; I, on the contrary, am an outcast from society—I have neither a home to retreat to, nor a penny to subsist on; even my spirit is broken down, and my very nature quelled, or I would not make this humiliating confession. I have just been refused a petition which the veriest beggar would disdain to crave—and by one, too, who a few months since, would have been proud to have courted my acquaint-

ance. But it matters not," he muttered, in a bitter tone, "it will soon be over."

The officer listened to this declaration with a look in which amazement gradually gave way to sorrow and compassion. When the other had concluded, he exclaimed—

"Jordan, if your misfortunes have been the result of chance, of accident, of calamities which you neither foresaw nor could prevent, think not that I am one of those who would desert so old a friend in his affliction. I seek no man's friendship because he is in prosperity—nor do I turn away from an old companion because he is unfortunate. But should your troubles be the result of your folly, vice or credulity, as I am half inclined to think they are, you cannot expect that degree of sympathy from me which I would evince were they brought on by circumstances alone."

"I want no man's pity," interrupted Jordan, "nor do I want a sermon on the subject; my own reflections have repeated to me a thousand times all you would say, and more, too. I do not want a monitor to tell me I have been imprudent—I know it. Yet I have only acted up to the promptings of those passions which were implanted within my bosom by nature, and if I have done wrong, I have only to thank that power which formed those passions—and not myself."

"Hush, hush!" cried Sarsfield, "do not talk in that fearful strain. I am fully aware that these were always your principles, even at a very youthful age—but they were the result of early indulgence and not of calm reflection. You say, Jordan, you want no monitor: I do not thrust myself upon you as such, but as a friend, and, by all appearances, you have not many of them. But, Jordan, I can make allowances for those little bursts of ill humor, under the circumstances, and am determined to assist you whether you will or not."

"I tell you," cried the other, in a tone still more fierce—"that I am past benefitting by your experience. I thrust myself on the charity of no one, but shall end an existence which has always been hateful and is now intolerable. It is easy for you to talk—you who have been blessed with an easy and contented disposition—you who have parents who love you, and a home to retreat to from the storms of life. But for me," he added, grinding his teeth, as a bitter sneer sat upon his lip—"what is there in this world for me that I should fear to leave it?—I, who have neither parent, friend, neither money or business—I, damned by a restless and discontented temperament, which, in a short time, would find even Paradise a hell—I, fallen from the highest sphere of society into the very dust, and forced to herd with the lowest of the low!—what have I to live for, provided I could obtain a living—which I cannot."

The officer smiled sadly, shook his head, but remained silent. The other continued, with increased impetuosity—

"I am no sophist," he said, "no philosopher—but I cannot fail to perceive that I have been hardly treated by the creating power—whatever that creating power may consist of. I came into existence without knowledge and without my sanction being obtained; I had no voice in my own creation, nor could I prevent it by any exercise of my own will.—I was created with certain propensities and passions—I was a passive being in the hands of the creating power—I had no choice in the selection of those faculties and feelings which tend either to elevate or to degrade the human race. In the first instance, had I had a separate existence, prior to the present, and had I had a voice in becoming the denizen of another sphere, such as this world, I should never have consented. In the second place had I had the power of choosing for myself, I should have selected for my own that formation of mind, that peculiar temperament which would have caused me to enjoy life and respect virtue, and to love quiet rather than excitement. But this power was never given me—involuntarily and without my consent or knowledge, I was created; nature and subsequent circumstances have made me the being that I am. In this wherein am I to blame? Aye, thou stickler for virtue and divinity, tell me, in this, whether I am to blame or the power which created me so? If I am impelled onward to destruction by an irresistible fate, am I to become responsible for a series of events over which I had no control, and hence, could not prevent? Answer that," he cried, as he concluded this wild, vague argument, in a tone of such deep despair as to almost make his companion shudder.

"Jordan, I pity you," said the officer in a tone almost indicative of contempt—"your mind must be strangely disordered; your words would imply that, either there is no God, or that, in the event of there being one, he is a God of infinite injustice, instead of being the very reverse. I do not want, as you just now expressed it, to preach you a sermon on the subject, neither would I be inclined, for one moment, to argue with a man who was prepared to question the existence or the wisdom of a supreme being; but for the sake of our early intimacy, I will do my best to dispel this hallucination which has possessed your mind."

"It is vain," muttered Jordan, with a cynical laugh, "the die is cast!"

"You say," continued Lieutenant Sarsfield, without attending to the interruption, "that your calamities are the result of your natural propensities, and not of your own wilful folly. Well—we will admit it—we admit that you were led into vice and folly by the force of your evil passions—think you no other man possesses passions equally strong and equally wicked? Yes, all men—all men, my friend, even the best; but do they suffer their natural feelings to lead them astray?—do they suffer themselves to be the blind victims of each

impulsive passion that may become dominant in the human breast, if not checked—I conceive not—otherwise, you would see a world filled with beings worse than wolves, a world of anarchy, horror and blood—a world compared to which Sodom would appear virtuous and godly! What! every man pursue unchecked the dictates of a bloodthirsty or licentious disposition!—why, the earth would become a hell to which the hell of the damned would be an asylum of refuge! No! if we have strong evil passions, we have also a strong sense of what is just and right—we have the power of reflection—the godlike attribute of reason—the knowledge of good and evil—the hope of reward and the fear of punishment to deter us. If, disregarding of these checks, we rush on to evident destruction—whose fault is it? The beasts that perish pursue the dictates of their nature, and wherein is man above them?—he pursues the dictates of reason in preference to the promptings of his natural passions."

"And why, most disingenuous sophist, are those passions given him?" cried Jordan with a sneer.

"Because," responded his companion, "we are told that this world will present a series of trials and temptations; and to those who have the moral courage to resist will the palm be given. If every man naturally loathed vice and loved virtue, where would he deserve credit in only following the propensity of his nature. No, it was not so ordained. We are prone to sin naturally, and trials and temptations beset us on every side: trials and afflictions of the most bitter description continually assail us. The brave man takes reason for his guide, and dauntlessly faces danger and temptation; the recreant craven gives way to every temptation, breaks down under the first affliction, becomes faint-hearted and desponding, and seeks for rest, either by drowning his reason, the only godlike attribute that man possesses, in some stupefying liquid or by committing self-murder."

"Then you mean to say, Sarsfield, that I am one of those recreants who seek for rest by self-murder? The Romans held to no such doctrines; they did not count Cato, Cassius or Brutus recreants."

"It well becomes an atheist to bring to his aid examples afforded by the idolaters who worshipped, as they themselves admitted, one dyed with the double sin of incest and murder. But," continued Sarsfield, "what do even such examples prove?—merely the same thing—that they were recreants who had evoked a storm which they had not the courage to face and took shelter in the darkness and oblivion of the grave; the brave man would have battled to the last, and if he fell, would have fallen with his face to the foe and his sword in his hand. But I did not assert, Jordan, as you insinuated, that you contemplated the damning crime of suicide. God forbid! If ever you have entertained such a desperate

intention, always couple with it, in your reflections, the *certainly* that *consciousness* will not cease to exist, and that the deathless soul—the indestructible and immortal spirit will still have the power of thought and memory—that the stings of conscience—the pangs of despair, will not have become dead and dormant, when this tenement of clay has become the abode of the reptile and the worm”

“Pshaw!” cried Jorhan, “there, there!—that will do. Preach that stuff to dotards and fools, Sarsfield, but not to one who has tested the existence of the divine providence you speak of, and who is convinced of its falsity—or if it does exist, of its capricious injustice.”

“Stop!—blasphemer!” cried Sarsfield—“tell me what claim you had established to his mercies?”

“Is not his mercy bestowed on those who most require it, according to your superstitious notion?”

“Aye, when they seek it as penitents, not when they demand it with arrogant presumption; at the very time they deny its attributes. It would be folly to have mercy on those who have none on themselves.”

“Well, Sarsfield,” said the other, as if wishing to waive the subject. Let us not quarrel about it; it is a long time since I was schooled in these things, and I am not the most patient listener in the world—especially in my present state of mind. Let us not fall out: this may be our last interview in this world; if, as you say, there is another, we may possibly meet again—but irritate me no longer with superstitions which a man of your knowledge of the world should hold in scorn and contempt.”

“One word more,” pursued Sarsfield, “and I drop the subject. You would throw the blame of your misfortunes on the overruling Deity and not on yourself, when you and you alone, are wholly to blame. Did you ever make a single effort to emancipate yourself from the meshes which vice had thrown around you—did you ever make the slightest attempt to resist temptation?—did you ever appeal to that Deity whom you deny for succor and support? No! I have known you from an early age, and from the earliest period I have known you, you ridiculed the idea of an overruling power—you plunged into the grossest debauchery, and mocked at those who, like myself, were not inclined to go the lengths in immorality and vice which you were wont to do. And now for these misfortunes, the inevitable consequents of such a course, you accuse providence and hold yourself blameless.”

Jordan made an impatient gesture; the officer observed it, and hastened to add—

“You think me one of Job’s comforters—but I merely wish to disabuse your mind of the fearful error which has taken possession of it. Heaven knows I am not much given to talk on religious matters, and am too much

inclined to neglect my duties in that respect, but when I see one of your age, abilities and strength of mind—one, too, whom I have known so long—bent on the terrible act of self-destruction, I should be as guilty as you, were I to fail in using my utmost influence to prevent you from consummating so revolting a crime. Now tell me, for as yet I am profoundly ignorant—what has brought you to this state of indigence and despair?”

“The same fatality which has attended me through life, replied the other, gloomily;—

“My mother, as you are aware, possessed a large and more than competent income; she derived it from a secret source which I never could discover, and while she lived, I was supplied with money to the full extent of my wishes; on her death, however, which took place a few months since, the source which had hitherto supplied my profligacy ceased, and I found myself alone in the world and without a penny. Never was there an orphan left more helpless. I had been instructed in no trade or profession—I was unacquainted with the practical business of life—I had made no friends but many enemies, and wherever I was known I was distrusted and despised; for my mad, headlong course, had made me an object of suspicion and aversion. Too proud to look for employment in my native place, I assumed the dress of a sailor and obtained a passage to this port, thinking that here I might procure a passage to America. In this, too, I have been disappointed—I cannot pay for it, and I have failed even in begging it—so there is only one alternative.”

“Tush! man, do not give up so,” cried Sarsfield, “these difficulties only incite a brave man to make still greater efforts. I will do my best to procure you employment in this city, and you must not be too sanguine at first, but be satisfied with small beginnings.”

“I am unfit for any employment,” said the other, sullenly; “neither would I seek for it in a place where I should be exposed to endless recognitions. Many who knew me under other circumstances would be constantly giving me long lectures on the profligacy of youth and the danger of bad company, with all the ten thousand et ceteras. No, no—it is bad enough—but to stand behind a tape seller’s counter, or in a soap boiler’s shop, with men, perhaps, who I have addressed, in former days, as belonging to an inferior order of beings, O! I could never submit to that! But the truth is,” he added, “I am totally unfit for any sort of business. I was brought up in idleness and wealth, and looked with scorn upon all useful occupations; I was allowed the free indulgence of my passions and the unbridled liberty to act in any manner I pleased—and the consequence is, that I am not only disinclined, but unable to perform any useful duty, at all events, not in any place where I am known. My only hope was to get to America—and in that I am also foiled.”

A suspicion now crossed the young officer’s

mind. "But your misfortunes," he said, as he eyed him closely, "have been the result of those excesses which most young men who have the command of money are generally guilty of—together with the death of your parent? You have not brought these evils upon yourself by any crime still more culpable than those follies of which I speak?"

"I have committed forgery!" said Jordan in a dogged tone, while he fixed his stern, fierce gaze upon the face of his companion, "and now you have my reason for being so anxious to quit England. Denounce me if you will—drag me before the nearest tribunal—perhaps, after all, it were better that I died by the hangman's hands than by my own."

"Ha!" exclaimed Sarsfield, drawing a long breath between his shut teeth—"Unfortunate man! I pity you!—you are as evidently unfit to be a villain as you are to be an honest man, or you would never have made this candid confession."

"I want not your pity," said the other gloomily, "and I told you frankly when we first met, that we were no longer equals, and declined any conference—but you persisted in speaking."

"Well, here our conference ends," said Sarsfield coldly, as he placed a £10 bill in the hands of the forger—"that will pay your passage to America—do not hesitate—take it. Repent and reform—you may yet do well—and now, adieu forever."

And with these words, the officer turned on his heel, and left the wretched felon alone in his agony.

Scarcely had he disappeared when his place was supplied by another person. This was the Captain who had been in conversation with Ruggles previous to that party's addressing Mason, and who was no less than the celebrated Captain John Teach—*alias*, BLACKBEARD.

CHAP. III.

Hans Vanhurst.

Far as the breeze can bear—the billows foam,
Survey our empire and behold our home.

THE CORSAIR.

"In the blue devils, youngster—eh?" said this person, coming up, and saluting Jordan with a familiar slap on the shoulder.

"Who are you, sir?"—exclaimed the young man, turning round, with an expression so bad that even that hardened villain shrank back; but recovering himself, he answered the fierce interrogatory—

"A right good friend to you, youngster, if you only follow my advice. Fortune has used you hard—do not start—I know all your history, but it is safe with me. I say I come to show you a way to get rid of all these troubles that beset you. You mustn't be too stiff, though, because I'm a little given to

pride myself and can't put up with much of it from another."

"Away! and interfere not in my affairs!" said Jordan, moving on—"if you are wise, you will not tempt a desperate man!"

"Ha, ha," laughed the Captain—"you are just now in the frame of mind I like best.—Why half my crew—and by far the smartest half—have been rescued from the very jaws of the devil in the same manner as I intend to rescue you."

"Madman! what do you want?" cried the exasperated youth, turning round fiercely.

"I want to save you, youngster," replied the other in the same half-sneering, half-serious tone—"look'ye here, my lad—your affairs are hard up on a clench—there isn't any opening in this world ahead of you, and you must die by your own hands, or by the hangman's."

"Ha!" exclaimed Jordan, starting.

"Yes," pursued the Captain, "it is short-stay-apeak with you, and the breakers are foaming under your lee. You have tried to weather them, by taking a trip across the herring pond, and you have mis-stayed—your anchors have come home, and ruin is before you. Now what would you say if I were to club haul your ship yet—double the reefs—bend on new rigging—and place you once more in smooth water—eh?"

"What mean you?" cried the young man as a strange gleam of hope struggled over his agonized features.

His eye now for the first time fell on his companion, and, from that brief survey, a mysterious sympathy sprang up in his mind towards him. The stranger had the same look, only to a more extreme degree, of hardened desperation; he was a man who had evidently once been above his present sphere, for at times, when not intermingled with sea terms and oaths, his language was of a far different order than might have been expected from one of his class. This—together with the knowledge that he was aware of the crime which he had committed, caused Jordan to regard his words with a degree of interest which he could not shake off.

"What mean I?" repeated the Captain, "Well—I mean this: you have committed a crime for which you will swing if you remain here; you've tried to get a passage to the other side of the water, and you've not been able. I offer you a passage free; you tried to go there as a mendicant—I will take you there as a free man, and, if you behave well, and I find you true blue, you will be promoted to the rank of officer. Besides, I promise you active employment enough to drive away the blue devils. Come! what say you to that, my hearty?"

The young man stood as if stupified, and apparently but half-conscious of the import of the words addressed him by his equivocal benefactor:

"What do I say to it!"—exclaimed the young man; "why that you have saved me, that you have drawn me from the pit of despair to a height from whence I can again obtain a gleam of hope. But, stop!" he added in a voice of such concentrated passion that the capt. started; "Are you sporting with my misfortunes—Is this a jest? If so, it is the dearest jest you ever played!"—and with his fists clenched and his eyes gleaming, he advanced towards the captain.

"Back, boy—back!" cried Blackbeard, calmly—"I tell you I am in earnest;—why should I make sport of your misfortunes.—But this is no place to talk over such matters, friend," he added, as he observed a crowd had been attracted by the last passionate remark of his companion—"come with me—I will find a place where we can talk the matter over without being interrupted. Come!"

The youth hesitated not; his condition could not be worse, happen what would; and putting aside the truism, that "drowning men catch at straws," the very excitement of the adventure was food for the distracted state of his mind, as it served to dispel reflection and thought.

They turned up the street, and walked rapidly forward for some time, in silence.—The shades of evening were now falling fast, and, as there was not so much light thrown upon the subject in those days as there is in this age of gas and camphene and burning fluids, the alley which they entered was as sombre and dark as though it were the avenue leading to the dim regions over which the infernal Pluto once held sway. The youth and his companion walked on, each seeming lost in his peculiar meditations, nor was the silence broken until they were confronted by a man, who for some time previous had been dogging their steps, as though he had been doubtful that they were the objects of his search.—Suddenly he stood before them and exclaimed in an under tone—

"The Ocean Queen?"

"The Ocean Queen," repeated the Captain as in response, and without evincing any surprise—

"Hans Vanhurst?" he added enquiringly.

"Yaw," responded the Dutchman, with whom the reader is already acquainted.

"What's wrong?" asked the captain, on seeing that his mate looked perturbed.

"Eberything vash wrong," replied the Hollander; "you vash pe come on board jesh now or te teuvil vash pe vant pay. Ruggles say tey vash plow te gaff"—here he stopped, looked at Jordan and then at the captain, as if asking—can he be trusted?

"All right," said the latter, in answer to the mute appeal; "he is one of us, Hans—I have offered him a free passage to America, which he has accepted"—and a significant look, unnoticed by the young man, passed between the pair.

"You vash te teuvil," said the Dutchman,

"no mans pe scape you."

"They've blown the gaff, have they?" repeated the captain without attending to the mate's remark—

"Who did it?"

"Mein Gott, Ruggles vas not know. Ha stob on board te park so we vas have a friend dere. Von hunner tousand teuvils pe tamn! vat vor you stob!"

"Don't be frightened, Hans," said the captain, composedly—"I cannot go on board now; I lost money here last night, and I must get it back to-night. But you go on board at once—make every preparation for a start—d'ye mind—haul off in the stream and leave a boat at the Long wharf, so that whatever time I go down they will be ready to take me on board."

"Donner! wilt gy met my gaan?" cried the mate, frightened at this protracted delay.

"No!" echoed the captain in a harsh tone, "I will not go with you now. Obey your orders, sir—be prepared to start at a moment's notice, and have a boat ready for me."

"And shose te gutter attack us pefore you vas come on board?" suggested the Dutchman.

"Fight on then like one hundred thousand devils," said the captain using his mate's favorite expression—"fight on till I come on board."

"I doos lak to fight when I cant helb it—put dis is as padder as worse, and more pad too. The wind vash fair—let us go."

"Go the devil!—or to the one hundred devils you talk about. I tell you I've left money here, dutch ox, and I must get it back. Obey orders!"

"Vaar wel dan, mynheer; Gott pe mit you—we vas never meed again seb mit robe collars round our neck." And with this sorrowfully uttered prediction, the Hollander disappeared, leaving the Captain and his protégé to pursue their course.

CHAPTER IV.

The Hell.

"Slave! I have set my life upon the cast—
And I will stand the hazard of the die!"

RICHARD III.

They stopped in front of a large and brightly lit up mansion, and the Captain, whispering to Jordan—

"Be firm and cautious—obey me in every thing—the slightest hesitation and I will not answer for your safety"—opened the door.

"Go on!" cried the young man, his face flushing with the morbid and feverish excitement produced by the sounds issuing from within—"I have been in such places before to-night."

In the next moment they both stood within the saloon, and the door closed after them.

Many of our readers have seen, and those who have not seen have read descriptions of gambling houses or "hells" such as the one into which our worthies had now introduced themselves—and it is, therefore, unnecessary to weary their patience, by attempting to give anything like an adequate idea of the scene here going on. To those who wish for a graphic—nay, a thrilling and terrific picture of a gambling hell, we recommend the perusal of Mr James's novel, "The Cock and Anchor"—and while that vivid description is before our eye, it would be presumption in us to trespass on a subject which he has made peculiarly his own.

The tables were piled with gold, silver and notes, and around each sat a group of men; some were wrapped up in agonized intensity of thought and look—others, flushed with success, were loud and boastful, while still a third class gave no expression in their feelings by word or sign, but with calm and unruffled features coldly scanned the scene. Many were excited by liquor, and were betting madly and unsuccessfully—while a few stood round, apparently neither betting nor playing, but watching the chances of the game with a scrutiny so close and earnest, as though their own fortunes had depended on the turn of the dice or the color of the trump. The winners seemed the peculiar objects of observation to this class, and many a dark and sinister look was furtively bent upon the successful player as he swept his heaped-up winnings from the board. Some sat watching the cards apparently in the agonies of despair. With bloodshot, but keen and burning eye, they staked their last guinea, and rose up beggars.

Of the class which stood looking on without participating in the play, were our worthies—the Captain and his *protege*. But the strong attractions of a scene which had always been of a character the most fascinating for the young man were too powerful, and, in a short time he evinced a desire to risk the fluctuating chances of the cards by joining in a game.

"Madman! you have no money," whispered the Captain in his ear.

"I have," returned Jordan, producing the £10 bill given him by Sarsfield—"see, here is money; before morning I will make it £100."

"D—n!" muttered the Captain, "that lying Ruggles said that he had not a penny. Perhaps he got it since?" He then added in a louder tone—"Stop a moment!"

His eye now fell upon a person sitting immediately opposite to him. This was a young man of about twenty eight or thirty years of age, with a forbidding and repulsive, though not unhandsome countenance. He was buttoned to the throat in a great coat of military cut, and appeared to be playing deep, and with unvarying success; but no change in the run of luck, produced the slightest emotion, if one could judge by the tranquility

which pervaded his countenance. Winning or losing, his face wore the same calm, confident expression, and amid the storm of oaths and imprecations—the suppressed blasphemies and the half uttered yells of ruin and despair that rang around him, he maintained a cool and unmoved exterior, his whole soul seeming so absorbed in the play as to be unable to lose time in giving words or expression to his feelings. Suddenly this consummate and finished gambler found he was the object of the Captain's scrutiny. A suspicious movement of the gambler's hand took place as he again shuffled the cards; the quick eye of the Captain noticed it, and the gambler felt that he had been detected, for he witnessed the half smile that flitted over the seaman's face. With calm assurance, however, he went on dealing the cards, and while doing so winked to the Captain, as if he would say—

"You saw that movement of mine—but it is no business of yours; do not meddle in matters that concern you not, and whenever an opportunity occurs I will reward you for your secrecy."

And so the Captain understood it, for he nodded his head as if acquiescing in the mute request.

The game went on, and again the gambler won—until, one after another, his antagonists arose from the table—beggared and ruined men.

"Now," whispered the Captain to Jordau, "if you wish to try your hand, take up that man—it is the scoundrel, who last night, won from me"—he added in a lower tone—"but I will receive it back to night with interest! take him up!" he continued—"and, as that £10 will not go very far, here—there are one hundred guineas in this"—and he passed into his hand, unobserved, a small canvas bag.

Jordan's eyes flashed with wild excitement; he grasped his patron's hand with a frenzied gesture of gratitude, and in the next moment he was seated in front of the practised and consummate gambler who had driven all his opponents from the table ruined and undone.

The cards were dealt—the trio held their breath, as they fell one by one upon the table. The game ended, and Jordan had lost. An expression of fearful and malignant passion arose to his face, and his brow became damp with the sweat of agonized excitement.

Again the cards were dealt—and again the gambler won—while the expression on the young man's countenance changed into one of murderous vengeance. The gambler observed it; with the utmost *sang froid*, he drew a pistol from his breast pocket—buttoned up his coat again, coolly examined the priming—and laid it on the table before him.

"Here is more money," whispered the Captain, passing behind Jordan's chair, and slipping another bag of guineas into his hand. He then, as though accidentally, took up his position, directly in front of his *protege* and behind the gambler—thus obtaining a full

view of the latter gentleman's hand.

For the third game the cards were dealt—and Jordan won. His excitement was intense and he proposed doubling the stakes. With the same calmness which had characterized him while winning, however, the gambler laid his hand upon the pistol, and turning to the Captain, said—

"You will oblige me, sir, by moving from that spot. Mark me, I insinuate nothing—but move from that!"—and he made a significant motion with his pistol.

The Captain bit his lip—a frown of deadly import for one moment settled on his features, but saying—"O, certainly, sir"—he stepped aside.

The play was resumed; in half an hour the youth had lost the last guinea, and, with the beaded sweat rolling from his forehead, his hand and lip trembling like an aspen, and his face blanched pale as ashes, he turned an imploring look upon the Captain. The latter smiled, shook his head, and said, in a hoarse, suppressed voice—

"I have no more."

With an imprecation too tremendous to be written, Jordan turned to his adversary—

"Villain, sharper!" he cried—"you have played me false!—I have been cheated, by"—ere the oath was uttered he caught the Captain's eye, and instinctively he stopped.—There was a meaning in it which a fool might have read; the young man immediately recognized its import, for he stopped as if paralyzed, and shuddered from head to foot. It was but a single glance—for a moment it rested on the gambler, and then was directed towards the hilt of a dagger which his open bosom partly revealed. As Jordan stopped, the gambler slowly rose, and, with a quiet remark that he would be cautious in playing with mad people for the future, he deliberately swept his winnings from the table, deposited his pistol in his pocket, and walked to another part of the room.

Jordan at first stood like one stunned—the whirl of excitement produced by the scene around him—the fluctuations of the play and the transitions from hope to despair—the rush of retrospective thought and the feelings called up by the Captain's terrible look—all tended to bring his mind to a state bordering on delirium—nor was it until the latter took him by the arm, and he again stood in the open air that he recovered from the stupor into which he had fallen.

CHAP. V.

The Dutchman's Flight.

"Good night to Marmion!"—MARMION.

It is now quite dark. Two men are upon the pier at which lies the vessel referred to in our first chapter.

"Vanhurst," said Ruggles—for it was he—"you are tempting the devil; what in the name of—are you stopping for, when I gave you fair warning an hour ago that the game was up and that the land sharks were on the look out? You say he's clinched the youngster, the wind is fair, you see—and what the deuce is he stopping for?"

"Donner and blitzen! vat vas I do but dell de Gabban? Tanrade, we vas have our sails loose and eberyting ready for a start," answered the mate.

"And why don't you start, when the road between you and the gallows grows shorter every minute you stop?"

"Vell, vat vas I do but dell de Gabban—and he vas pe have some tamm scheme in his head mit dat poy, Shordan. He vas dell me von bull and a cog story about de money vat he vash lose last night, and dat he must get it back to night—and den he order me on poard to get ready de Ocean Queen for a start, and to leave te poat for him ad te wharf."

"You're sure then he's nabbed Jordan?"

"Yaw—he vas engage him for te passage; ha, ha—it vas pe a strange bassage for him—and more strange too ven he find out vat sord of craft it vas."

"That is good," muttered Ruggles—adding aloud—"What do you think of that young chap?"

"Dink? I dink," replied the Dutchman, "he vas make a smart man ven he vas pe drilled two or dree cruises. He looks ash if he had von hundred thousand teevils in him."

Ruggles paused for a moment. "I could" he muttered aloud—"denounce him as a forger—but I want him to live—I may turn him to some account yet in the long run—who knows? At all events, I can revenge myself on him while he is in the Ocean Queen—for, although I shall not go myself in her this trip, I have friends enough on board to do my bidding—and he shall lead a dog's life while he is in her. But the great thing is, that if it should ever be to my advantage to produce him, I can lay my hand upon him—for there is no chance of his escape once he puts his foot on board the Ocean Queen."

"I vas not hear a word of all dat," said the mate, who had been vainly endeavoring to catch the meaning of Ruggles's half-uttered cogitations—"Speak plainer, mynheer; I does not know vat vas you say."

"Never mind, Hans," replied the other, "I was talking to myself. See here, have you got the boat waiting, as the Captain ordered you?"

"Yaw."

"And why are you not on board, getting the brigantine under weigh?—the Spaniard has but little authority."

"I vas going on poard ven I stob to see if you would go mit me. Will you come dis drib?"

"No, Hans—I've got a chase of my own ahead."

"Ah," said the Dutchman, "vat vas dat?"

"There is a rich merchant on board this vessel, and by accident I possess a family secret of his of great importance; now I've a notion he will purchase it with a good round price, and I would not lose the opportunity for all the chance of prize money I'm likely to have in the Ocean Queen for the next six months to come. Besides, your Captain wished me to remain on board the bark, as I told you before—for I can render him more service here than I can in the brig."

"Yaw, I know dat—mein Gott, you could scuttle her if we were in chase and not sail so fast as you vas"—said the Hollander.

"Now, Hans," continued Ruggles, without attending to his remark—"you saw the blow that fellow Jordan gave me to day—well, I want you to take it out of his hide, once you get him on board—to rope's end him every day of his life soundly. Do you promise me this?"

"Yesh, and get his knife in mine—pelly!—No, no, mynheer, I vas not do dat."

"Why you Dutch coward," cried Ruggles angrily, "you are big enough—surely you are not afraid?"

"No, I ish not avraid of him," answered the phlegmatic Hollander—"but it vas too much drouble to peat him every day."

"Hush!" exclaimed Ruggles, raising his hand to impose silence, as the sounds of a desperate struggle in an adjacent street broke upon the silence of the night. The sharp whirring sound of a watchman's rattle followed and then a loud, fierce imprecation rose hoarse above the scuffling sounds and half-suppressed voices.

"Mein Gott, dat vas de Gabban's voice!—Van hundred thousand teuvels!"

"Go on board as fast as you can, then," said Ruggles, "and don't stand there to be nabbed. I shall get on board the bark and into my berth as fast as I can—for I think it *was* the terrible captain's voice."

"Yesh it vas—O, mein Gott—ten hundred dousand teuvels!" roared the Dutchman, as a man rushed by him, his face streaming with blood—"dat vas de watch."

"No, you fool, it was Jordan making his way to the Long wharf where the boat lies. The Captain has been nabbed depend upon it, and so will you, if you stand gaping there like a stuck pig. Jordan will take the boat and leave you behind."

"Donner hagel and blitzen!" yelled the terrified mate, as he ran, panting and sweating towards where the boat lay, in the hope of overtaking Jordan—

"Ah mein Gott, I vas pe left behind—van hundred thousand teuvels, I vas pe deat man! Ah, mein goot Gott—hallo! Shordan, you! Ten hundred dousand teuvels!—stob!"

Ruggles watched his receding form for a moment, shrugged his shoulders, and, with the words—"Goodnight to Captain Teach!"

descended the forehatch of the bark and disappeared.

CHAP. VI.

The First Spilled Blood.

"If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell—and say I sent thee there!"
RICH. II.

When the Captain led the half-stupified Jordan into the open air, he whispered—

"Now before giving you employment, I must put your courage to the test—because I always form a favorable opinion of a man of nerve, and I don't like anything like chicken-heartedness—mind that. I want to try your pluck—now see here: that same fellow that cheated you to-night cheated me last night; I watched him to his den and know the road he will take; we will station ourselves in a place which he will have to pass, and put it out of his power to cheat any one after this night."

"How?" enquired Jordan, almost shuddering at the terrible meaning of the Captain's words—for although he had been nearly maddened by excitement, and ill luck, and although burning with resentment against the author of his misfortunes, and although weary of life, yet there was something so revolting in the thought of shedding blood—in becoming a midnight assassin, that his soul sickened—and he shuddered from head to foot.

"How?" repeated the captain, eyeing him narrowly; "do you suppose I would have given you all that money to lose if I had not had a plan prepared whereby I would make sure of getting it back?—no! I'm not such a fool! I thought at first you might be a sharp yourself—but I found you as great a flat as ever I met—for when I got behind the fellow's chair I could scarcely make you understand for a long time the cards he held."

"Because, I was unused to cheating," said Jordan.

"So much the worse!" observed the Pirate gloomily—"for had you won my money back that way, there would have been an end of it,—but we must now take a surer and shorter method. The fellow will pass this way soon, and he is loaded with gold. We must have our own out of him, and if there is any over, we will throw it in for the interest"—and he laughed aloud.

"You mean to murder him!" cried Jordan, with an involuntary shudder, for he felt that he had now gone too far to recede, and he stood appalled with horror as he gazed upon the horrible abyss over which he so suddenly found himself suspended.

"Yes," said the Captain, sternly—"that is what I mean. Why do you tremble, man—wouldn't he have murdered you with that pistol of his if he had seen that you were playing him false?—Well—he played you

false, and you have every right in the world to murder him. Are you going to allow him to escape with his unjust winnings which by rights is your money and mine. See here!" he added sternly, as he placed a dagger in the young man's hand—"when he comes in front of this spot where we are now standing rush out and strike him a sure blow—strike about here," he continued, placing his hand on his side, "when you do that we will soon get our own out of him. I would do it myself, but want to see what kind of stuff you are made of, and whether your nerves will suit me."

Jordan still hesitated.

"See here, youngster!" exclaimed his patron, an ominous scowl darkening his sun-burnt features—"there is no use in fretting over spilled milk. It is too late to back out now—you must do as I direct you, or by the Heaven above us both, ere to-morrow's sun rises, I will have you handcuffed in a dungeon as a felon! You have no choice—you have taken earnest in my service, and you must earn back by one home blow the money you had of me to-night. Hush! I hear a step!—it must be him. Surely you are not such a child as to fear to resent a wrong; and to take back by force what was cozened out of you by fraud."

Jordan took the dagger, and although pale as death, he nerved himself for the task.

"After all," he muttered, "he is but a cheat—a miscreant who does not deserve to live!" The captain took a flask from his pocket—

"Drink!—drink!" he exclaimed, handing it to his companion—"quick!—he is close at hand!"

The youth half emptied the flask at a draught—a desperate courage took possession of his mind and, clutching the implement of death with an iron grasp, he stood awaiting his devoted victim.

It was a fearful moment. He had stood in the hell pennyless, with the drops of despair rolling from his forehead—ruin staring him in the face, no solitary hope for him in all the world—he had stood on the dripping bulwarks, his eyes bent on the dark waters below—his brain whirling with delirium as the desperate impulse of the moment prompted him to self-murder—but never had he experienced such a moment of maddening excitement as this—never had such a storm of agonized feeling careered through his soul! Throughout he had felt the murderous resentment against the gambler the chief passion that agitated his mind—but he wanted the physical strength—the nerve, as it is termed—to perpetrate that vengeance. This was now given him by the stimulus of the liquor—the power of reflection had fled, and the animal nature had obtained a complete mastery over the mental. Nor was he impelled onward to this crime by his vindictive feelings only—the certainty that the Captain would denounce him as a felon—or, perhaps, stab him on the spot—also had

its weight in precipitating the unhappy youth forward to his doom.

He had scarce time to return the flask and to clutch his knife more firmly, when a figure emerged from the gloom. For a moment they both stood silent in their concealment, till the Captain, who had been peering through the gloom, exclaimed aloud—

"That is he!—strike fairly and make sure your blow!"

A flame danced before Jordan's eyes—a rushing sound filled his ears—his fingers tightened on the hilt convulsively, and, with the impetuosity of madness, he sprang from his hiding place, and grasping the wretched gambler by the throat, he drove the dagger with all his force into his screaming victim's side. The latter, had not, however, been taken wholly by surprise;—at the first movement made by Jordan, he instinctively put his hand to his breast and drew forth a pistol.—Before, however, he had time to use it the blow had been given—but it was not immediately fatal. Taking a death grasp of his murderer with one hand, he attempted to shoot him through the body—but they were now so closely locked together that this was impossible, as Jordan had taken a firm hold of the wrist which held the weapon. In the struggle the pistol went off and a loud groan which followed told that the bullet had not sped in vain. The Captain, who fearing the watch might be aroused by the struggle, was advancing towards the combatants with the purpose of putting an end to it, received the shot in his leg. With a loud imprecation, he fell forward, but, recovering himself, he was enabled to reach the fierce belligerents, and, repeating the terrible exclamation attributed to Richard Plantagenet, and quoted at the head of the chapter, he struck his victim a deadly blow which caused him to relax his hold and fall upon his knees. With savage ferocity the blow was repeated, and the dying man uttering a loud unearthly shriek, fell forward on his face, and, with a few convulsive struggles, expired.

In the next moment the bloody victors were surrounded. The pistol shot and the cries of the murdered man, had attracted the police—and the Pirate and his protege felt themselves lost. But having gone so far, they were not now disposed to submit without a struggle.—The Captain, however, made but a faint attempt to run, when his knee failed him and he stumbled and fell. Emitting a roar like a wild bull when it first feels the lasso, he made an effort to rise, but before he could effect his purpose, he was overpowered and bound.

Not so Jordan. With his knife, still dripping with the red stream of murder, clenched in his hand, his face as pale as that of a corpse—his eyes bloodshot and his hair erect in the agony of his despair, he rushed upon his assailants, dashed two of the watchmen aside, who fell heavily, their lanterns crashing under them in their fall—with one tremendous

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bound, he cleared the open space between them, and in a few minutes gained the street that led to the water's side. Though hotly pursued, his superior agility enabled him to lead his pursuers by several hundred yards, and in a short time his form was lost sight of in the increasing obscurity.

CHAP. VII.

Cape Breton 130 Years Ago.

"The continuous woods—
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Have his own dashing."—BYRON.

We must now, for a time, lose sight of the events narrated in the six preceding chapters—and when the scene again opens it is after the lapse of a considerable period, and in an other hemisphere. And as the curtain next rises at that strangely-formed inlet or cove from which this Legend has derived its name, it becomes our duty to give it a more minute description than we have yet done to any of the localities in which our scene has been laid.

On the main land side of the Gut of Canso, or as it was called in those days, when the French were Lords of Acadia and Cape Breton—"the Straits of Fronsac"—there is a cove so completely sheltered from the view of the numberless passers by, owing to a point covered with tall trees that extends in a semi circle in its front—that a vessel might lie there for years undiscovered—provided, her masts did not overtop them, and thus be open to view—nor would parties in the closest proximity dream of her presence, unless accident led them into the very cove itself.—Immediately above this little inlet and commanding its entrance, is an eminence of considerable height, known by the name of Cape Porcupine. According to tradition in former times, when the Buccaneers infested the whole American sea board from the Gut of Canso to the Spanish Main, this cove was the retreat of many a Pirate Chieftain who had taken his lessons in predatory warfare under the tuition of Dampier or Anson—and hence it obtained the name which it still bears of—"Pirate Cove."

It is scarcely deep or wide enough for a ship—but the vessels of the sea marauders being mostly small light craft, could lay beneath the overhanging trees in perfect security. A look-out man was generally stationed on the heights above, who would signalize to his companions below the approach of each vessel that passed the straits. If the strange sail had the appearance of being a ship of war, the Buccaneer kept close; but if of a freighted merchantman, the Pirate left his concealment—boarded the vessel, and, after having murdered the crew and plundered the ship, would scuttle or set fire to her. Even down to the middle of the last century tradition tells

of the Pirate ships which made this Cove their haunt—but owing to a discovery which has recently taken place, and to which we shall presently refer—it appears evident to us that it must have been fortified at a period far anterior to the age of Blackbeard, or even Dampier. During the wars of Louis XIV, it was the rendezvous of an English Privateersman, named Davis—for whose horrible atrocities towards the Micmacs—then the allies of France—see the Life of the Count De St. Raymond, Governor of Louisbourg. At a subsequent period it became the haunt of several British Privateers, but as American commerce did not pass through the Gut of Canso during the war of the Revolution, it appears to have been lost sight of as a place for concealment and plunder during that sanguinary contest—although it is related by the old inhabitants of the Gut of Canseau, that the celebrated American commander, John Paul Jones, was one of the number who occasionally made Pirate Cove their resort, when watching for British vessel. It is said that he once made an attack on St Peters, (a harbor on the Cape Breton side) at which place there was at this time a mercantile establishment, the reputed wealth of which was very great. The attack, however, was repelled by the inhabitants who rose *en masse*, and arming themselves in the best fashion they could, and headed by their Parish Priest, made such a determined stand that the marauders were intimidated and made a hasty retreat to their boats. Although we believe this story to be true in the main, yet there does not appear the shadow of evidence to prove that Paul Jones was the party making this attack. That a Privateer came to anchor in the harbor—that the inhabitants, becoming alarmed, assembled under the direction of their Priest, and lined the woods bordering the bay, hanging hats and caps on the trees around to give the appearance of sheltering a large body of men—that about thirty of the Privateer's crew landed, and were received by a desultory fire, from fire arms of all shades of description—that they became alarmed, and effected a hasty retreat—are facts which we have heard related too often to doubt of their truth—but that the leader of this party was Paul Jones is an assertion the correctness of which we question very much. True it is that the common tradition makes him the hero of this affair, but we have searched in vain for proof. The fact is, we believe those who repelled the invasion, did not themselves know the person who headed it. Neither are we inclined to believe that Paul Jones would have been so easily diverted from his purpose,—or that the man who fought the *Bon Homme Richard* with his leaden-soled boots on, would have been beaten off by such a disorderly rabble.—Certain it is that, one night about three weeks subsequent to the occurrence of the foregoing, a body of armed men again landed at St Peter's and taking advantage of the absence of the

principal manager of the firm, who was at the time in Halifax, attacked the establishment, carrying off with them £9000 in specie.

It is related that all of them having become intoxicated, with the liquor which they found in their search for plunder, confident in their numbers, and knowing that there was no possibility of the scattered inhabitants of the place being aroused upon such short notice, they planted sentinels and betook themselves to sleep before the kitchen fire of the private mansion attached to the establishment. That the sentinels upon whom the fumes of the liquor had also an influence, becoming dead to a sense of duty, also suffered themselves to be beguiled into the downy arms of the slumbering god. No sooner had they ceased their watch, than an old negro long attached to the family, was met by his mistress, as he was hastening to the kitchen, with a sharp broad axe in his hand, and his thick lips wreathed into a most ferocious smile.

"Bless de lord, missus," he exclaimed in a horrible whisper, "dey is all asleep."

"What in the world do you intend to do with that axe," cried his mistress, already half dead with fear.

In the most self-laudatory tone, and in a voice that might have rivalled Jordanhill's whisper when he scaled the frowning heights of Edinburgh castle—he replied, as he bent his sable face towards his listener—

"Me cut dar heads off, missus—ebbery dam one."

But as he could by no means impress his mistress with his sanguinary ideas on the subject, she put her distinct veto on his plan of decapitating the slumbering Yankees, much to his dissatisfaction. The latter, being permitted to dream quietly of money bags and wine casks, decamped next morning, bright and early—bearing with them, as already stated, the sum of £9,000!

Again in the war of 1812, Pirate Cove was resorted to by the small armed British vessels and became useful for the same purpose for which the Pirate who first ruffled its dark waters, perhaps two hundred years before, sought the protection of its shade.

At the date of our story a swivel gun was planted on the heights above, which gun swept the entrance of the Cove, and could be turned in any direction. It was constantly attended by two or three of the crew, in case of any sudden attack by the boats of a Man-of-war to cut them out. From this circumstance the hill in question is to this day, called "Fort Porcupine," and the appearance of the spot still indicates that an artificial mound had once been thrown up there.

On the opposite, or Cape Breton side of the Straits, there is another inlet, of very similar description, also called Pirate Cove. It consists of a little creek at the head of St. Peter's Bay (then called Port Toulouse)—and is over-arched by stately pine and hemlock trees.—Of the scenes connected with it we know but lit-

tle that can be borne out by contemporaneous history. One thing, however, has been proved—which is, that this harbor was resorted to in very early times—perhaps at a period prior to the discovery of the inlet on the Nova Scotian side—from the fact that a *hooped* cannon of the same description as that which by bursting, killed James II. at Roxburgh—has recently been dug up at this spot. This relic of a by-gone age, which would have delighted the antiquary groping for truth amid the dubious light of fable and tradition—which would have furnished him with data to his researches, and have caused him to cry—"Eureka!" amid the wilderness—this relic, which would have adorned a Museum, should our country ever possess one—was, according to the practical spirit of usefulness which characterizes the age, manufactured into horse shoes and ship bolts by the vandalism and cupidity of the owner of the property on which it was found!*

That these harbors were, therefore the resort of Dampier, Blackbeard, &c., there remains not a doubt—but that it was only sought by those men who, for a century and a half infested the Atlantic, as a place of refuge when pursued, or as a convenient harbor to heave down in, there is also abundant evidence to avouch.

Tradition tells of but one who made Pirate Cove his chief abiding place—the same who planted the gun upon Fort Porcupine, and whose far-famed bark was ever ready to dash at the prey that was continually passing the Straits of Fronsac. Yet not always did he linger there. Sometimes his far-dreaded flag was seen by the affrighted mariner of the homeward bound and richly-freighted galleon of Spain; at others, it was coquetting with the breeze in a dark harbor of Cuba—anon it spread terror along the shores of Yucatan and the Mexican Gulf—and when next his bark's black hull and white sails were seen, he would appear as a demon of the waters, springing on his prey as he rushed from the dark foliage that shrouded Pirate Cove. Of him well might it be said, as was said of yore of the Arab Sire—his hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him. Of this far-famed, far-famed chieftain of the sea strange tales are told by the Fishermen of the Gut of Canso, even to this day—and although centuries have rolled by since those waters bore the shadow of his blood-red flag, his fame still exists in their traditional legends.

* We understand that the chapel bell recently dug up at Inganishe, Cape Breton, has been sold to the proprietors of a foundry as old iron! We shall next hear of the bones of Bonaparte being sold to make soap—or the field of Marathon dug up for guano.

Frances Mason.

"And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
In myth, in naad or in grace,
A lovelier form—a fairer face."—SCOTT.

"'Tis mine—my blood-red flag—again, again—
I am not all deserted on the main!"—BYRON.

On a summer evening, many months after the occurrence of the events related in the foregoing pages, as the setting sun shed a halo of mist-like glory over the vermillion dyed West, and a breathless calm was settling upon the face of the waters, a bark, borne onwards more by the force of the current than by the dying wind, which scarcely served to inflate the flapping sails—crept lazily through the Gut of Canseau. The Strait was about a mile wide, but winding and the channel intricate. It was evident from its appearance that Cape Breton, the Island to the left, had been rent from the mainland by some convulsion of nature; this was rendered evident from the corresponding Capes and inlets on either side. Down to the water's edge came the dense, interminable forests, bounding the far, dim horizon on every hand:

"No track—no pathway might declare
That human foot frequented there."

All was silence, solitude, and gloom; there appeared no more evidence of life or human presence throughout those boundless wilds than there did on the morn of creation. To those on board that ship the scene must have been immeasurably grand—and no description of it, at the present day, however glowing, would convey anything like an adequate idea of the stupendous reality to the reader's mind.

Over the rail of the quarter-deck, hung in listless and silent admiration, several passengers, gazing with intense delight on the grand and awful scene around them. The booming roar of the restless ocean, smiting the echoing shore—the trackless solitudes where eternal silence had reigned unbroken only by the plover's cry, or the red deer's tread—the fan-like hum of an hundred thousand trees all rustling in the low moan of the dying winds—impressed the spectators with a feeling of awe and utter loneliness. Yet there were softer features to that scene: the bright far sky above, on whose vermillion-dyed bosom floated sun-fringed clouds like "Islands of the Blest"—the sparkling waters reflecting back the hues of the gorgeous West—and the richly tinted sea birds that floated majestically by—added to make the scene picturesque as well as magnificent.

Let us take a nearer view of those now lost in silent admiration, as they lean over the bulwarks of that English bark. We find the most conspicuous to be an elderly man, a youth, and a young female who stood between

them. The first, by his appearance, seemed to be a man who had indulged in early excesses to a great extent, but who had long since become cautious and thoughtful as to his mode of life; his age might have been about fifty; his dress, which was in the peculiar fashion of the time was rich rather than tasteful, and was worn with that studied and affected negligence which indicated that the wearer had been unused to it up to a recent period. A sword, which in those days every gentleman wore, hung at his side, but it was evident that it was allowed to hang there more because it was the fashion than from any use to which it was likely to be turned by its proprietor. This was Mason.

Beside him, and lost in contemplation, as she gazed on the sublime yet lovely scenery around, stood the young female alluded to. She wore a rich light dress of flowered silk, adjusted with such careful grace as to set off her naturally symmetrical figure to ten fold advantage. She appeared about nineteen or twenty years of age. Her hair of the darkest brown fell in wavy tresses on her neck and shoulders; her eyes which were of the same color, had neither the liquid fire of the black eyes of the women of the South, or the sparkling brilliancy of the blue; they were soft, pensive, swimming—like the gazelle's, and beamed upon an object with a dreamy contemplative expression that was bewitching and irresistible; while the dark silken lashes that shaded them enhanced the charm of their expression till the very soul would appear beaming through them and melting within that fringe of jet. The features of her face were not regular, they were not faultless, like the elaborate and lovely creations of the Grecian sculptor's chisel; yet this was overlooked in the admiration claimed by the expression—in the soul that lit up her countenance with its radiance; there was an intellectual beauty in her face that far more than compensated for any deficiency in its physical proportions; it was one which a painter, if he would not have chosen it for a model of symmetry and perfection, would have given a life time to have been able to transfer the expression—the soft, dreamy, madonna-like expression—to his canvas—and would have given it in vain. It was one on which a poet to gaze on would become inspired.—When she laughed, and disclosed her white, even teeth, the effect was entrancing, and her whole countenance appeared irradiated with a new description of beauty from that of the dreamy and melancholy cast which was its most habitual expression. To look into her dark, pensive eyes was to love her, for they produced a sympathetic thrill through the soul, under the effects of which one became spell bound with admiration.

A young man was leaning languidly against the rail, beside her. He wore the uniform of an English officer: a cocked hat and the black cockade of the House of Hanover; a

gold laced scarlet jacket, with large, loose buff facings, a single silver epaulette, a broad buff belt across his shoulder, on which was hooked a massive plate, engraved on which was the number of his regiment; knee breeches black gaiters and buckles, while a slight hanger was suspended at his side. His hair was powdered in the preposterous manner peculiar to the time, and his whole appearance betokened one of those warriors who had less experience in the tented fields than in the court of Venus and of Bacchus. In figure he was slight and tall, with a handsome though somewhat effeminate countenance; yet lines betokening resolution and powerful passions were strongly written thereon. A dark brown moustache shaded his short upper lip and his whole appearance was that of a young, aristocratic Englishman whose natural good points had been obscured by adulation, dissipation and indulgence in those passions which most tend to debase the human character.

Those three formed the principal personages of the group. The remainder consisted of the captain and some of the officers of the ship. Mr Mason was now returning with his daughter to New England, she having finished her education in the mother country. Mr. Mason was immensely rich, but the early part of his history was wrapped in doubt and obscurity—and there was not one of all his many acquaintances who knew from whence he came, or what had been his early life. But we mistake—there was one; one who seemed intimately acquainted with every transaction of his past life—one who followed him everywhere like his shadow. This was the man now sitting on the fore-castle, smoking, and who the reader will recognize as Ruggles. At this moment his coarse features were wrapt up in an expression of intense thought, and his gray baleful eye was fixed upon Miss Mason—who all unconscious of that fixed gaze, looked like an angel of light undergoing the malignant glance of a fiend of darkness. "She must be mine!" was this man's muttered reflection as he gazed upon her beautiful face—"she must be mine, although I hang her father and brother as the price!"

The officer, William Carlynden, the junior son of an English noble, haughty but poor—had become acquainted with Mason at an evening party given in the vicinity of the garrison where Carlynden was stationed.—Here he had become deeply enamored, and had paid her the most devoted attention up to the present time. Whether the love was reciprocal he had not yet been able to ascertain. Just previous to the opening of the present chapter, he had been ordered to join his regiment then serving in the Colonies, and had taken the opportunity of crossing the Atlantic in the same vessel that contained the object of his affections. During the passage but few opportunities had occurred to enable him to express his feelings, as she was generally accompanied on deck by her father—and

whenever he did find himself alone with her the words he had prepared for the occasion would vanish from his memory, and he would get no further than some commonplace remark regarding the weather or the length of the passage, when they would be interrupted.—And yet on ordinary occasions, there never was one more easy and unembarrassed in conversation; scarcely any circumstance took him by surprise, and his coolness or rather apathetic indifference to danger was a matter of admiration amongst his friends.

At this moment both he and the young lady were leaning over the rail apparently lost in contemplation. Between the old man and the Captain, however, some passing remarks were being exchanged.

"It is seldom," said the merchant, "that a vessel from Europe has to pass through those Straits."

"Very seldom, sir," said the captain, "in fact, never, unless stress of weather drives them first up the Gulf of St. Lawrence as it has us, in which case the shortest way to get into the track again is through this Strait."

"You think, Seyton," continued the old man, "that your next voyage will be to the Bahamas?"

"That, in all probability, will be my next destination."

"My daughter, Frances, wishes to spend a short time with some of her relatives there; it would be a fine chance, but I am afraid I shall be too busy to be able to accompany her," said Mason.

"Mrs Seyton is going with me," replied the Captain, "her health is very delicate, and I wish to see what effect a sea voyage may have—and in that case, she will be excellent company for Miss Frances."

"Yes," said Mason, "I may safely entrust her to your wife's protection, for I have known her long time. But we can settle all that when we get home."

A silence followed, which was broken by the young officer—

"How different is this scenery," he said, "from the merry England which we have just left! The thinly scattered park trees—the busy farmers, the wide, unbroken fields of corn, the flower-scented hedges, the crowded highways, the busy sound of trade and manufactures, the crumbling castle, the modern palace, the humble farmhouse, and the windmills crowning every hill—render the scene there diversified by a thousand varieties, and presents a contrast to the eternal silence of those frowning forests that fills one with a vague awe."

"And yet," added the lady, "merrie England was once like this—a frowning wilderness—inhabited perchance by a few sullen barbarians, whose very traditions were forgotten long before a Druid fire burned, or the world's imperial master beheld her chalky cliffs."

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"Yes," continued her father, "and such as England is will this land one day be. Those forests will disappear, those boundless marshes be drained—those wilds become resonant with the sounds of life, commerce, activity—and where the silence of ages has been broken only by the falling cataract or the Indian hunter's tread, a busy nation's voice will hum. But you are mistaken," he added, "if you suppose that this island on our left is uninhabited. Thousands of the aboriginal natives tread its forest mazes—and a colony of French Fishermen are established on it and carry on a thriving trade with Europe. It is further said, that Lewis, to whom it belongs, intends erecting a powerful city on its Eastern seaboard—nay, if I mistake not, it has already been commenced. I have seen the harbor named as its site. It is the eastern extremity of the whole American continent, and is open at all seasons of the year. It is the key of the St Lawrence, and the politic Frenchman well knows that if he fortifies this harbor it will be the surest method of defending and preserving his Canadian possessions. In the event of another war with France, the natives of New England will be blind to their own security if they allow it to remain in his hands—whichever side holds that city holds the foothold which eventually will make them masters of all America. It is easy to perceive what it will become in the course of time; it will become the grand depot for all the productions of Northern America, and the connecting link between the old world and the new. Future British Statesmen will see its importance, even if those who now have the management of our affairs are blind to it. I—but once saw the harbor—but that one view was sufficient to suggest all these reflections on the subject."

"Are not those Indian warriors to whom you just referred notorious for their cruelties to the English, as well as celebrated for their stoicism in submitting to their fate?" asked Carlynden.

"For both," returned Mason, "the horrid atrocities perpetrated by them on Englishmen who have fallen into their hands about this very spot where we now are, are of the most revolting nature. But the Indians are not the only foes to be feared in those straits, I believe."

"By no means," said Captain Seyton—"I would rather see a host of the painted warriors than the red flag of the Pirate who haunts these waters."

"So should I," said Mason, shuddering—"their wrath might be averted, but from the exterminating sword of the demon who haunts the Atlantic, there is no escape."

"What is his name?" asked the young man, smiling at their fears—"It is not Blackbeard—is it?"

"No," said the old man, "Blackbeard was taken the last time I was in England."

"And has escaped again," added Captain

Seyton—"they had no prison in England strong enough to hold the famous Captain Teach."

"Ha! is the devil broke loose again?—I was not aware of that—I only know he was taken in one of the streets of Liverpool, after a desperate struggle, the last time I was in England. His vessel lay in the harbor, but she succeeded in escaping before the alarm was given."

"It is still the same vessel which creates so much terror," said Seyton, "she is changed in nothing save her Captain—who is as far beyond Teach in ferocity as he was beyond other men."

At this moment the man, Ruggles, evidently attracted by the subject on which they conversed, sauntered past the group, as if trying to catch the remarks that were passing around.

"The name of Blackbeard's vessel was the Ocean Queen."

"And the same name is borne by the pirate vessel we are speaking of," added the captain.

"A most effeminate appellation for so terrible a vessel," said Carlynden, "and what is this tremendous sea king's name which you seem as much afraid to utter as if it would conjure up the very outlaw himself by its talismanic sound?"

"It is as un pirate like as the name of his bark, and is neither Blackbeard nor the Red Rover, but plain William Jordan; whether it is his real name or not, it would be difficult to say."

"What is this fellow doing here?" said Carlynden, alluding to Ruggles, whose curiosity had prompted him to thrust himself amid the group—"the fragrance of the Indian weed must, indeed, be grateful, when he fancies that the odor emitted from that filthy old tobacco pipe can be endured. To Miss Mason it must be quite refreshing."

"I am no servant of yours, sir," observed Ruggles, with the utmost insolence, and still puffing away.

"Wretched menial, your baseness is your protection," muttered Carlynden, coloring with anger, but struggling to keep it down—when Mason interfered—

"Go forward, sir," he exclaimed in a tone betwixt entreaty and command—"and for this insolence you shall be discharged from my service whenever we reach the shore." And taking Carlynden's arm, they walked further aft.

"Discharge me!" muttered Ruggles to himself, as Carlynden gave him a look of withering scorn, which he returned with one of savage malignity—for to say the truth he was a little jealous of the young officer!—"Discharge me, eh?—that is as I please, not as you please, monsieur Mason. It strikes me very forcibly that I shall have revenge on that domineering officer before many hours go by"—and thinking, he walked forward.

Meanwhile the little disturbance created by this interruption was thought no more of, and the conversation regarding the pirate was resumed—Carlynden still sneering at the idea of such a thing, until at length he aroused the captain's ire—

"This young gentleman laughs," he said, "at the notion of pirates—but were the red flag of Jordan to appear above the horizon, the stoutest heart here would feel a thrill it never before experienced. He cannot have heard that name or he would not treat it so lightly."

"Pshaw!" said the young officer, "I have heard tales of him that would lead me to suppose he bore a woman's heart rather than the wolf-like nature ascribed to him."

"Recently I have heard strange tales of his magnanimity," said Mason, "but I attach no weight to them."

"I have seen him," said the captain in a tone intended to be decisive—"and ought to know. He is a devil—if not the very devil."

"And how came you to escape from the clutches of his satannic majesty?" asked Carlynden.

"It is a long story," said the captain, musing—"but if you would like to hear the ditty, it is at your service."

"Oh, by all means," responded the young man; "let us have this tremendous narrative. Doubtless your hero wore horns and club feet, *a la* Blackbeard?"

"He did," replied the Captain, as he mused over the recollections connected with the event—"aye! and had you seen him, you would not have been inclined to laugh at his terrible appearance."

"Well, well—for your story."

"No," interposed Mr Mason, "it may occasion groundless fears and alarm Fanny; would it not, dear?" he continued addressing his daughter, who was still leaning over the side watching the passing objects, and apparently taking no interest in the conversation.

"What would alarm me?" asked she, lifting up her dreamy eyes for the first time with an expression so absent from the subject discussed that the whole group could not repress a smile.

"Oh, there is nothing of that kind to be apprehended—is there?" she asked.

"No," said Carlynden—"and if there were, there are enough here to defend the ship and protect you."

Captain Seyton stared in his face for a moment, and then burst into a long and hearty laugh, until at length a flush of anger crossed the lieutenant's brow.

"Enough here to defend the ship," he repeated—"were the Ocean Queen to make her appearance you would see the crew creep into the very scuppers if they could find shelter there—and unless your single arm could defend her she would be given up with out a blow."

"Then my single arm would defend her, while life remained to lift, it," said Carlynden, proudly—"it is not the mountebank's black face and horns that would terrify me."

He spoke no idle boast—but it was to be put to the test sooner than he expected—for scarce had he ceased speaking when a cloud of white smoke burst from the height above, and an 18 lb. shot came skipping over the water across the vessel's forefoot—while the sharp ringing report of the gun awakened a thousand echoes on every side—and as they died away in the distance, the air became darkened with the flocks of startled sea birds that arose from the waters and the reeds.

"I thought she was not far off," muttered Ruggles—"now which shall I do?—take her with me on board the Pirate, and let all the rest walk the plank—or stick to the old one a little longer—and save his life by telling Jordan of the relationship?"

CHAP. IX.

The Ocean Queen.

"Features horribler than hell e'er traced
On its own brood—no demon of the waste—
No church-yard ghoul caught in the lingering light
Of the bless'd sun e'er blasted human sight
With lineaments so foul—no fiercer as those."

THE VEILED PROPHET.

Frances Mason shrieked not—but her cheek in common, with that of every face there, save one, became pale as death. Every breath was hushed, and every eye was directed to the shore. The sight that met their gaze appalled the bravest there.

Emerging, as it appeared, from the thick foliage of the woods, and as yet but half-revealed, was seen a vessel standing slowly out towards them by the aid of the faint air that floated from the land, under her mainsail gaff topsail and jib; while from the peak a red flag waved—in the centre of which there grinned forth a ghastly death's head. The hull was long, low and, with the exception of a very narrow red streak that ran from stem to stern, perfectly black. Her masts were disproportionately high, and raked back till the main truck was immediately above the taffrail. Her after sail consisted of an immense mainsail and gaff topsail, and that forward of three staysails leading into the respective tops of the foremast, a square foresail, topsail, topgallant sail and royal, and three jibs. Of course, to these were added studdingsails, when going free, and sometimes a light sail was set above the royal. At present this description of vessel is called brigantine, but in those days they were very uncommon.—Her deck was covered with men; four heavy carronades were run out on each side, and a long 18 pounder played on a swivel forward.

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breath hard, and who, although really a brave man, was now pale and agitated—"there is Jordan! Now, Mr Carlynden, what would you recommend—resistance to such a force as that?"

"Yes! by the Roman Jove!" cried the officer, his pale face glowing with excitement—"fight the main through. What! would you surrender without a blow! Why the coward here will turn to bay when all hope is over—and, therefore, better die game, like Englishmen, with our swords in our hands, than like fawning spaniels at our conqueror's feet. You are mistaken," he continued, "if you suppose my recklessness of danger only assumed in its absence—and I will very soon prove it to you, although every man in the ship should desert me."

"I agree with you, Mr Carlynden," said Mason, whose pale cheek and trembling lip bespoke the mortal fear that shook him from head to foot—"death can only be our fate at the worst—but for the sake of my poor, dear Frances I will resist while life remains—for her doom will be worse than death."

"Oh Heaven!" exclaimed the agonized young girl, becoming faint and sick as the truth of her situation now for the first time burst upon her mind in all its appalling reality—and she would have fallen had not her father and lover sustained her.

The captain stood for a moment, thoughtful and silent—then as if having adopted a sudden resolution, he exclaimed—

"Well, if we are to fight it out like English men, as Mr Carlynden says, the sooner we go at it the better. The pirate is coming up fast with that land breeze, and there is no time to be lost. That is Jordan—I would know his craft amongst a thousand. Mr Carlynden, if you have arms go and get them ready, and I will go forward and speak to the crew." So saying, he walked towards the fore-castle, while Carlynden, leaving Frances to the care of her father, went below for his pistols and fowling piece.

"My lads," said Captain Seyton, addressing the men, who were huddled together around the windlass, like a flock of birds awaiting the swoop of the falcon—"that is Jordan the Pirate. If we submit, there is no chance for our lives—we shall have to walk the plank, every mother's son of us—but if we fight it out, we may beat him off till a breeze springs up, or perhaps a cruiser may hear the firing and bear down to our rescue."

"Fight h—!" exclaimed Ruggles, who stood with his arms folded, apparently quite unconcerned at the idea of being forced to walk the plank.

"This is not a king's ship," said Ruggles, doggedly, "and we are not forced to fight unless we please."

"I did not address myself to you, sir," said the captain sternly, "you are Mr Mason's servant, not mine—or I would soon know how to manage you. It was to you men, that I

spoke—all hands who will stick to the flag of old England and their captain, walk over to the weather side—you who are afraid of the shot, go skulk amongst the bread bags until the action is over."

But the captain's eloquence had very little weight, and it was evident from their discontented looks and dogged silence, that Ruggles had been tampering with them. At all events but very few walked over to the weather side.

In the meantime Frances had been conveyed below, and with some difficulty Carlynden had prevailed upon her father to remain there, too, by showing him of how little use he would be on deck, and how necessary it was that he should remain with his daughter lest her fear and anxiety should again overcome her.

He now advanced towards the captain, who was walking moodily aft, and asked him what success he had met with the men?

"I fear they won't stand by us!" said the captain.

"They won't, eh?" cried the fiery Carlynden—"see here, Captain Seyton," he cried, elevating his voice so as to be heard by the seamen on the fore-castle—"there must be no flinching—we must fight the main through! The first man who shows himself dunghill and no game, by my father's soul! I will shoot him through the head, though he were my brother!"

"It is all one," said the captain, in a tone that bespoke hopeless despair, for the mutiny of the men had disheartened him—"it is all one whether we die by the pirates or by you—since die we must."

"Ho! ship ahoy!" hailed a voice from the brigantine, which had now ranged up within speaking distance. The eyes of Carlynden and the captain were immediately turned on the strange vessel, on whose bulwarks stood a man holding by the mainshrouds, of countenance so terrific as to appal the bravest.—He was somewhat above the middle height, of strong and athletic proportions—but with features diabolical as his—

"Upon whose brow the thunder-scars are graven."

He wore a blue frock, while around his canvas trowsers was buckled a broad black belt, in which were stuck pistols of the most formidable dimensions, together with a cutlass of a size proportionate. His red hair, black face and bushy moustache gave a desperado-like fierceness to a countenance rendered already ferocious by the artificial aid of a pair of horns which appeared from under the skin of a bear's head, stuffed so as to answer the purpose of a cap, yet at the same time retaining its original shape—the false eyes glaring horribly, and the grinning teeth tinged with red, as if dripping with blood. He was the only person distinctly visible—the remaining portion of the crew being partially hidden by the bulwark, under whose shade half an hundred black faces and

glittering cutlasses were ready to carry dismay and death to the hearts of all who crossed their path.

"That is Jordan on the bulwarks," said the captain in a voice that trembled with agitation—"I know him well."

"Ahoj, there! come to the wind and heave to!" now shouted the Pirate Captain.

"Are you sure that is Jordan himself?" asked Carlynden, without attending to the Buccaneer's command.

"I would swear to him," said the Captain, "that is the devil himself."

"Then here goes to end his Sable Majesty's career," said Carlynden, deliberately firing a pistol at the pirate's head. The bullet crashed amongst the bear's teeth, but did no further injury.

"Blast the luck!" muttered Ruggles, "this will never do. I don't bear Mr Jordan much love, but it won't suit to see him shot just now. By the lord Harry, he is going to fire again!"

"You have missed him," exclaimed the Captain of the *Blenheim*, "and now we may expect no quarter!"

Carlynden made no reply—he looked calmly at the priming of his other pistol, and a second time took deliberate aim at the Pirate Chieftain, when the latter waved his hand—

"Hark'ye! no more of that!"—he cried—"or I will scuttle the ship and not leave a living soul to tell the tale. Don't make bad matters worse by a foolish resistance."

"Will you spare our lives if we surrender?" cried one of the men from the fore-castle.

"More likely than if you resist," said the Pirate—"bring your ship to the wind, and stop firing that pop gun, or by the god of war you shall rue it!"

"We surrender the ship quietly then," said the man forward, but ere the words had well left his lips, a bullet from Carlynden's pistol went crashing through his brain, and with a convulsive bound, the unfortunate man fell back dead. "I did not swear by my father's soul in vain"—said the officer, as he calmly picked up his fowling piece—but the priming had got wet.

For the moment succeeding this shot the men stood as if paralyzed, and then an uproar of the most fearful kind ensued. Headed by Ruggles, they made a simultaneous rush aft—intending to sacrifice Carlynden, and thus obtain quarter for themselves.

The captain retreated to the affrail to avoid the storm, but felt that he was unable to avert it, and exclaimed bitterly—

"Never will I again go to sea except with tried men, and with a ship well armed."

Carlynden, from the first moment he had seen himself deserted, had but one object in view, which was that he might exasperate the Pirate to destroy all on board—for death was nothing in his estimation, compared to the capture of his beloved Frances by the demon crew of the *Ocean Queen*.

"O! that I stood beside the magazine!" he exclaimed—"I would send those churls flying to the heaven whose battlements they will never reach!"

As the seamen rushed aft with the double purpose of pulling down the English flag, and of preventing Carlynden from making any further resistance—the brigantine was laid alongside, and twenty or thirty whiskered and blackened desperadoes leaped upon the English vessel's deck. The sailors stopped mid way in their career, and the Pirate Chieftain shouted—

"Spare those who surrender—we will shed no blood now—"

"Are you sure of that?"—interrupted Carlynden, presenting his fowling piece at the pirate's breast. In another moment Jordan's career would have been at an end, but the priming flashed in the pan without discharging the piece. Throwing it away, with an imprecation, the officer drew his sword, and made a desperate pass at the pirate's body—exclaiming—"never will I surrender, though all on board should!"

"Oh, yes, you will," replied the Buccaneer, calmly, as he caught Carlynden's weapon on his cutlass, and with a turn of his wrist, sent it flying out of his hand—"you *must* yield if you want to see any mercy shewn to any one on board"—so saying, he threw the Englishman to the deck, and crying out—"Here McGregor, tie this fellow's arms till he acts reasonably," he turned the struggling officer, over to his Lieutenant, who despite his desperate exertions and unavailing threats carried his captain's orders into execution—

"Hech, mon, but ye're hard to bind or haud," exclaimed the officer, panting with his efforts, as he succeeded in quieting the refractory Englishman—"if ye dinna act mair canny than that wull put a straight jacket on ye."

"Where the devil can Hans Vanhurst be?"—Muttered Ruggles, looking around—"I would'n't know him, though amongst these painted devils, unless he speaks."

"Now for the captain," said the Buccaneer, who merely smiled a sardonic grin at Carlynden's threats of vengeance should he escape being murdered—"I want to see him."

The captain advanced, pale and trembling—exclaiming, "we have yielded without resistance—the vessel and cargo is yours—only spare our lives, and set us on shore, and we will think ourselves fortunate in the extreme."

"Something wrong," muttered the Buccaneer—"then she is not, after all, a pirate prize."

"Something wrong, indeed," said Ruggles, *sotto voce*, "where can the Dutchman be?"

"Well," continued the Buccaneer, "I must see the ship's papers," adding aloud to the captain—"come below, I wish to know if you have concealed anything of value."

Before descending he turned to one of his companions, and said—

"Keep a sharp look out against treachery, McGregor; this is a dangerous game, and we cannot be too cautious."

"I always said it was a dangerous game," muttered the pirate officer, as the captain followed Seyton below—"but ye wadna take my advice—so e'en let a wilfu mon hae his ain way."

The stateroom to which the pirate now descended, was the asylum chosen by Mr. Mason and his daughter, during the confusion on deck. He was now sitting in a state of the most dreadful agitation, every moment expecting to be dragged on deck, and murdered, while he shuddered to think of the fate that awaited his beloved Frances, who was standing with her arms wound round her father's neck, invoking the protection of heaven.

On the entrance of the captain and his fiend-like companion, she uttered a frantic scream—her eyes dilated wildly with terror, and winding her arm, still more tightly around her parent, she essayed to speak in vain.

"What a scene I could occasion there, by one little word, thought Ruggles, as he peered into the state room—"but no, I have other ends in view—so I will go back, and have something to say to Mr. Carlynden, who is lying kicking up there and see if he is as proud as he was an hour ago." So thinking, he withdrew from the half open entrance.

The pirate, who had never dreamed of seeing anything like the scene that presented itself, started back in amazement. Whether it was her excessive loveliness, or the sudden recognition of some one he had known before—or surprise at seeing such a being there—it is difficult to determine—but he stopped short, as if petrified, and it was not till he was aroused from his stupor by her pleading voice, as kneeling at his feet, she implored mercy for her father, while the hot tears of intense agony rolled down her cheeks, that he found words to assure her that she had prevailed. "Fear nothing, lady," said the hardened Buccaneer, in a voice that sounded strangely tremulous—"your presence renders this vessel and all on board sacred.—Not an article shall be touched, not a man injured."

She looked up to pour forth her thanks and overpowering gratitude, but catching a glimpse of his terrific face, she shuddered and was silent. He stooped forward to raise her up, and as he did so, a nautical instrument called a tell-tale which was suspended above him, caught in the red kerchief around his head, and retained it, but pulling away the artificial hair which hung in fiery clusters to his shoulders, and with it the hideous mask which had concealed his features fell to the deck—and he stood revealed—not, however, as a demon-like and deformed being, whose very appearance was inhuman, but a young man of about six and twenty, whose features were the very reverse of being repulsive. His broad, white forehead, dark clustering hair, bright falcon eye, jet brows, and the roseate

hue of health and manhood on his face, displayed by their combined expression a cast of countenance anything but sanguinary or malicious.

It was now the captain's turn to be dumb with astonishment—not only at this favorable metamorphosis—but at the idea of the far famed Jordon evincing so much clemency, and he exclaimed in the outburst of his surprise and wonderment—

"But are you not afraid of our giving intelligence of having seen you—and where?—I have always heard that you went on the principle that dead men tell no tales, and as you never allowed a survivor to bear intelligence of you, it is impossible to guess where your vessel could be found."

The old man trembled as captain Seyton, made this imprudent speech, wherein he pointed out to the Buccaneer the necessity of imposing silence—as he feared that silence might be eternal. But the Buccaneer merely smiled darkly—and said—

"On the contrary, I care not how many carry intelligence of my place of rendezvous—the more it is circulated the better I shall like it. Therefore I give you full and free liberty to speak of it everywhere—to describe my vessel and my person—and those who venture may thereby secure the reward set upon my head." Then throwing another glance on Frances Mason, who was now hanging on her father's neck, sobbing convulsively, at the transition of her feelings from despair to hope, he exclaimed, as he left the cabin—

"Your lives and property are safe, owing to the intercession of that fair young lady; henceforth let no one say but that Jordon the Pirate has a spice of gallantry in his disposition." So saying he went on deck accompanied by the captain. While ascending he took occasion to say to the latter—

"I say, captain, you may thank that beautiful woman's intercession for your safety. Was that her father with her?"

"Yes," replied the Captain, still more surprised at the easy tone of conversation assumed by the outlaw—

"And who is that young man on deck—any relation of hers?"

"No," responded Seyton—"but he expects to become so—he is an English officer, and is paying his addresses to Miss Mason."

"Miss Mason," repeated the Buccaneer—"and where does her father reside?"

"At—in New England," replied captain Seyton—"They had now reached the deck, and the prostrate form of Carlynden caught Jordon's eye.

"Un'oose him," he said, motioning with his hand towards the officer, who on being released, rose sullenly, to his feet, and with a scowl of vengeance and defiance, he exclaimed, "we shall meet again, villain, where the odds will not be all on one side!"

"Rest assured, we shall meet again, sir," answered the pirate in a slow, emphatic voice,

as he sprang on the deck of his brig, which fell off before the wind, and crept leisurely away.

"And for you, dog," he said in a menacing tone to Ruggles—"I will make you rue the hour you were born, for this day's proceedings."

But the latter was gazing wistfully on the receding form of the brigantine, and answered not.

CHAP. X.

The Stranger in the Ball room.

"Curious fool be still—
Is human love the growth of human will?
To her he might be gentleness,"—LARA.

"I love him—
And that's the heaviest link in love's long chain
To love those we esteem not. Be it so—
The hour is coming when he'll need all love
And find none,"—BYRON.

TIME! thou mighty ravisher of human beauty and human glory!—into whose fathomless abyss hath rolled the human flood of twice three thousand years,—with "bannered host" and realm passed away—and many a victor proud, forgotten now! Thou who art more insatiate than the grave—and whose demands will never cease until thou art thyself lost in the mightier tide of far and dim Eternity!—Time—the Avenger, and "the beautifier"—who "rights when man has wronged"—and sheds a halo and the light of vague romance over the far times of the dreamy Past—Investing it with glory which is thine! Thou hast adorned all things and actions past—thou hast shed thy haze-like glory on the rocks of Thermopylæ, and bathed in thy dim halo the crested brow of Scylla—to the waves of Actium thou hast given a name coeval with thine own—and thou hast cried to the riven air above the Belgium plain—"let thine echoes sleep no more to all the world!" Thou hast set thy seal upon each crumbling tower that erst rung to the bugle-horn of the iron-clad crusader—on every stream that erst ran red with the blood of battle and despair—on every hill that bore of old "the Day God's living fire"—on each immortal name that decks the record of thine ages! How oft hast thou been thus apostrophized—how often hast thy mystery been pondered over by many a brain wherein the earth worm riots now? But, unchecked by human event, thou rollest past on thy tremendous mission—empires fall, and cities crumble into dust, and peasants and potentates die, and races pass away, and are found no more—but still thy flight is onward; nor will it cease, until that day when the gates of hell shall be closed forever and the heavens shall vanish like a scroll.

When we again look for the characters we are chiefly interested in, Mr. Mason and his daughter had reached their home. Here we find them. Frances is again in the place hal-

lowed by the memories of early childhood—surrounded by those who await but her look to execute her commands, and in the possession of every enjoyment that wealth can obtain.

Not long, however, did she remain a partaker of the sweets of home, when she again became a voyager—when she again became exposed to the vicissitudes of a "life on the ocean wave" and all its attendant dangers.

At first, on their return, the event was celebrated by entertainments and parties;—she was accompanied on all occasions by the young, the gay, the accomplished—the most fashionable exquisite of the neighboring garrison paid court to her—the high-born and devoted Carlynden was ever at her side—and yet with all these essentials, she was not happy. Why she was not so, she herself could not have told. Every wish she expressed was gratified—still she was pensive and absent, and took no interest in the scene of gaiety that surrounded her. To Carlynden this was unaccountable; he was assiduous and unremitting in his attentions, yet these, as well as his refinement and his wit, his gold lace and scarlet jacket, were alike lavished in vain, and failed to excite their wonted meed of admiration. Neither was this apathy in accordance with her former character, and those who had known her previous to her going to Europe were at a loss to account for the change. But the mind of man is a strange capricious thing, and the mind of woman ten times more so—causing them to sigh and aspire for they know not what—and to dream day dreams that never can be realized. With young ladies it generally happens that all their ideal troubles arise in consequence of novel reading, whereby the imagination is dazzled by pictures falsely colored, and a sickly sentimentality awakened which destroys the taste for things as they are, and creates a desire for things as they "should be." Whether anything of this kind had produced this lowliness of spirits in Miss Mason, or whether she was the victim of disease, is immaterial to our purpose, and we shall lose no time in endeavoring to solve the problem. To the latter cause, however, did her father attribute the change, and, acting on this belief, and taking advantage of the circumstance that Captain Seton and his wife were about embarking for the South, he entrusted Frances to the care of the latter, for the purpose of ascertaining if a more congenial climate would bring back her wonted flow of spirits.

It was on the second day after her embarkation, at an evening party given by Mr. Mason in honor of an old friend of high rank, that our story again opens. Here were assembled the gay and fashionable of the neighborhood; "and all went merry as a marriage bell." It may strike the reader as strange to speak of "the gay and fashionable" of a land and at a time, when society was unformed, and a disorganization of its elements so extensive had

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taken place that in a social point of view, the servant was equal to his lord, and distinctions were not tolerated. Yet, even at that time, in all towns where troops were stationed—to say nothing of the little colonial court held by the English Governors of each colony—an exclusive circle speedily sprang up, and a miniature imitation of the broad line of demarcation which in England divides the upper from the middle classes, was formed and adhered to. If now, in republican America, there exists a variety of classes, it arises from quite a different cause—nor is that cause to be traced wholly to the relative amount of property possessed; the mass of ignorance and coarseness will not associate with the man of refinement and education were he permitted to do so, because he would be as much out of his element and would feel himself as ill at ease in the presence of the latter, as would the latter were he forced to mingle with the vulgar and illiterate. Yet, true it is, that in the United States a monied aristocracy is now springing up, who arrogate to themselves, on grounds a thousand fold more absurd, that exclusiveness which is claimed as the prerogative of the peers of Europe. The claim of the former rests on the fact, that, by a run of luck, or by some chance, he has acquired a larger amount of property than his neighbors,—that of the latter, because he can trace his lineage back to the Knights of the Round Table or the Peers of Charlemagne, and still possesses the property which his ancestors possessed, perhaps, ere the war song of Roland pealed at Hastings, or “fell proud peer and paladin on the Roncesvalles field.”

But the evils resulting from American aristocracy are not so formidable as those which arise from the European system. Here their pretensions to an exclusive sphere are laughed at—their order is not hereditary, and “their riches perish with them”—and the son of a merchant prince may be a coal heaver or a cabman. In Europe, the son of a lord and a wise man must be a lord also, but as the wisdom is not hereditary, he may be a dunce or buffoon as well.

Nevertheless, much as has been said and written, on the dissolute habits and haughty bearing of British officers, it is an admitted fact that wherever they are stationed, the society around takes its tone from them, and improves. They alone perpetuate that code of honor which, during a dark and ruffian age appeared as “one virtue mid a thousand crimes.” That courtesy to the female sex—that chivalry which was the only redeeming trait of a coarse and barbarous period—that refinement and gentlemanly demeanor, are all more thoroughly understood and acted upon by them than by any other class. And even at this day, in the numerous Colonies of Britain wherever they are stationed, they are as conducive in producing refinement of feeling and courtesy of demeanor in the society which they mingle as they are essential to

the protection of the country which they are engaged to defend.

“You are drunk, Ruggles,” said Inglis, a serjeant in Carlynden’s company, as he and the first-named personage loitered in front of the brightly-lit up mansion, among the trees to which were suspended colored lamps and various devices, glittering like stars amid the foliage,—while the rich music came gushing forth from the open windows, filling the air with melody—“You must be drunk, or you wouldn’t talk such nonsense.”

“I am drunk,” answered Ruggles, “but I know what I’m saying for all that.”

“What! that you’ll marry Miss Mason before a month?—you!”

“Yes, me”—answered Ruggles, with a self-satisfied look, as he confronted his companion—“is it such a hard matter do you think?”

“Too hard for you to accomplish, friend,” said Inglis—“why, she wouldn’t have you—she would drown herself first.”

“Don’t you believe it. She will have me fast enough to save her father’s life.”

“How can you hurt her father’s life?”

“Ha, ha—that’s the enigma, old boy,” said Ruggles, with a drunken leer, “but I can’t solve it for you.”

“But Lieutenant Carlynden,” said Inglis, “intends to marry her.”

“Pah! I’m only waiting till the Blenheim returns from the South to have this Carlynden taken up for murder.”

“For murder!—why, who did he kill?”

“He shot one of the crew of the Blenheim—I saw him do it.”

“Then why didn’t you get him taken up before?” asked Inglis.

“O, I had my own reasons for that?” said Ruggles, with another wink.

“But,” added he, immediately afterwards, “it makes no odds, she doesn’t care a straw about him—but there is another on whom she has set her affections, that, only she is too closely related to him, I would have more cause to fear as a rival.”

“Here is some one coming,” said Inglis, who heard a step, “see here, Ruggles, I’ll bet you a year’s wages against a like sum of money that you never marry Miss Mason.”

“Done,” said Ruggles, extending his hand, and hereupon these worthies separated.

Meantime, let us proceed to the interior of the mansion, where all was revelry and mirth. In the neighborhood of Mr. Mason’s house a detachment of troops were stationed, and the officers, of whom Carlynden was one, of course were present on the occasion—the lion of the evening, however, was Sir Edward Sarsfield, commander of an English frigate, then lying in the neighboring port. He was a strongly framed and fine looking old man, with stern features and a commanding countenance—and, although advanced in years, bore the traces of time so well, as to appear still in his prime. Yet his face, bronzed by the battle

and the breeze, by the sultry sun of the tropics and the North winds of the frigid zone—evidenced that he had earned his present rank by long and trying service. His reward for it consisted in a ribbon which hung at his buttonhole.

In close conversation with him stood the master of the mansion, while several young officers and others stood round, waiting for a passing word from so distinguished an individual as Sir Edward Sarsfield, and endeavoring to arrest his attention by silly jests at which the whole group were bound to laugh. The subject which Mason and the veteran had started, however, seemed of too interesting a nature to be lost sight of for the mere common place remarks of their companions. There was also a third person, who, although not joining in the conversation, appeared to take a very deep interest in it. This was a man, apparently about thirty years of age, and would have been handsome, were it not for his swarthy complexion and the profusion of black hair that concealed the lower part of his face. He wore a light blue uniform, and remained in the back ground without seeming to be recognized by any one. He had just entered as Mr Mason had concluded the narrative of his adventure with the Pirate, to which Sir Edward had been an attentive listener.

"After such a narrow escape," said one of the listeners, "was it not imprudent to allow Miss Mason again to tempt the dangers of a voyage?"

"O, there is nothing to apprehend this time. Captain Seton has had his ship armed, by mounting several carronades, and has taken the precaution to have his men picked so that they won't flinch. Besides he sails in company with a frigate—the Pallas."

"O, the Pallas didn't sail," said Sir Edw., "we discovered that some repairs were still wanting, and she will not start before next week."

"Ha!" cried Mason, evincing a good deal of anxiety, "I wonder if Capt. Seton sailed without her escort. Surely he wouldn't be so imprudent!"

"After all," said the Commodore, going back to the subject of the merchant's narrative, "from what I can gather relative to this Pirate, it appears he is not exactly the demon he is represented to be in England.—But for all that, he is by far too sanguinary a scoundrel, to permit him to continue his depredations, and should I happen in any of my cruises to fall in with him, I will teach him and all on board what it is to outrage the law of nations as he has done. You say that his conduct which came under your notice was deserving of our consideration and clemency. But that conduct, remember, was produced merely by the whim of the moment, and had a capricious whim of the same sort, prompted him to have murdered all on board, he would as readily have been actuated by it.

It is evident he is guided neither by fear nor principle, and mercy, as a general thing, can have but little weight with Jordan. For example, look at those horrid atrocities which are ascribed to him in the English prints. I have no sympathy with the dog, and shall hang him at the yard arm, if ever I have the luck to take him, and am not forestalled by my son, who is now cruising in quest of him. I should like to make an example of the villain!"

"Probably you have not heard of his last adventure," said the stranger, speaking for the first time—"it surpasses all his former atrocities, and cannot be paralleled by all the records of hell, if in the regions of the damned they record its inmates' crimes."

"Why, when was this?" cried Sir Edward, startled from his usual serenity, by the energetic manner of the speaker.

"Yesterday," replied the stranger—"one of the survivors of the tragedy is present, and with two others, constitute all who remain alive of the crew and passengers of the bark *Blenheim*."

"Gracious heaven!" gasped Mason, suddenly becoming pale as death, "that was the name of the vessel my daughter sailed in.—Where do you say she was captured?"

"Not far off the coast here," answered the young man—but, before he had time to conclude the sentence, there was an exclamation of surprise—of recognition—the listeners fell back in amazement, and the stranger suddenly withdrew from the wondering circle that stood mute with expectation.

CHAP. XI.

The Massacre.

"But hark, that war-whoop on the deck!"

.... "A second crash—a third!"

And now, as if a bolt of thunder,

Had riven the laboring planks asunder,

The deck falls in—what horrors then

Blood, waves, and tackle—swords and men

Came mix'd!"

..... "Throughout

The elements one fury ran—

One general rage, which left a doubt

Which was the fiercer—Heaven or Man."

LALLA ROOKEH.

We must now, to explain for the events narrated in the last chapter, return to that point of our history where Miss Mason departs for the South. Seeing the declining state of her health, her father, as we have already stated, concluded to entrust her to the care of Seyton and his wife during the voyage to the Bahamas—in the hope that change of scene and climate would improve it—Mason himself being too much occupied with business matters to be able to accompany her. The captain, however, being an old and tried friend, and his wife being a refined and amiable woman,

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he placed Frances under their care with the utmost confidence.

It was on the same day that they went out, towards the afternoon, that those two ladies stood on the quarter deck, enjoying the land breeze which fanned their cheeks with its vigorous and refreshing breath. To them there was no sign of aught that boded other than a prosperous and pleasant time, but to the captain's experienced eye, there were unmistakable evidence of a coming storm. He was, therefore, at that moment getting his ship under easy sail, housing the studding-sail booms and royal poles, and putting everything in preparation for the gale which he fully believed was coming.

Without apprehensions of any kind, Miss Mason and Mrs. Seton gave themselves up to the free indulgence of their reflections, till at length they engaged in conversation. The ocean scenery, naturally, produced relations of events connected with nautical life, and Mrs. Seton now drew from Frances the whole account of her adventure with the pirate while passing Cape Breton—of which, previously she had heard but vague and contradictory reports. When Miss Mason had concluded, there was a dead pause, and both seemed lost in meditation; at length, Mrs. Seton broke silence, and observed—

"You thought this desperate man, handsome, then, Miss Mason."

"Pre-eminently so," replied her companion,—"as far as his face and form go, I never saw so handsome a person."

Again there was a pause; the married lady, as all married ladies like to do, wished to ascertain the state of the single lady's heart, yet knew not how to begin, fearing she might offend her. At length, she remarked carelessly:

"Since that fearful scene, Miss Mason, your spirits seen very much depressed—they are not what they were formerly. Surely you will not allow the terror produced by that one occurrence to weigh upon your mind forever after."

"Oh, no," replied Frances Mason, "with the utmost *naïveté*, "I feel no terror nor repugnance in recurring to that scene. I cannot describe the sensation I experience when thinking of it—and although it was an event that produced thrilling excitement, I do not find it unpleasant to think or talk of it."

"Ah, indeed," thought Mrs. Seton—"I begin to understand," than added aloud—

"It would almost be a pity, that so chivalrous and handsome a man as this Jordan is described to be, should be captured and sentenced to the gallows."

The blood forsook Miss Mason's cheeks—and she faltered something in reply, expressing her belief that he would not be taken, but would allow his vessel to go to the bottom before suffering himself to be made a captive.

"Oh, yes, that is very romantic," said Mrs. Seton in reply, "but a hundred ships of war

are on the watch for him, and taken he will be, despite of all his courage and precautions. It is well known now that he has a hiding place in an island called Cape Breton, and that once known, they will not be long in hunting him out."

"They would execute him, if taken, of course?" enquired Miss Mason, while paler and paler grew her cheek—

"Oh, no doubt of that," cried the other female, laughing—"but what is that to us?"

"Nothing—nothing, of course," replied Frances,

"Yet—"

"Sail, Ho!"—cried the lookout man forward.

"What sort of vessel?"—asked the captain, carelessly,

"Low, black craft," replied the man;—"partly square partly fore and aft rig."

"Ha!"—cried captain Seton, evincing some anxiety—"I must take a look at her. He mounted the mizen rigging, took a long and scrutinizing gaze, and descended with a face blanched pale as ashes.

Let us change the scene to the deck of the approaching vessel. She is hauled upon a wind—her yards braced sharp, and her mammoth mainsail sheeted close home, while the freshening sea foamed and boiled along her lee gunwale as she lay down under the press of canvas which bore her rapidly along. Her hull is black as night, save one narrow red streak, and, lo! a red flag surmounted by a death's-head flutters from the main. There is no mistaking her now. On the weather side of the quarter deck paces the tremendous Jordan, in his battle dress, his face distorted even more hideously than when he boarded the ship in the Gut of Canseau. By his side, walks his chief officer; a man of about forty years of age, by his speech and appearance a Hollander; he is also painted terrifically, his naturally ferocious countenance, rendered disgusting by small pox and the traces of evil passions, enhanced by artificial means. He has nothing on him except a pair of blue cloth trowsers of immense width; around his waist is belted a red sash, in which are stuck his cutlass and pistols. The men had been beat to quarters and every preparation for a sanguinary conflict had been made.

"Well, Vanhurst," said Jordan in a tone of voice, quite harsh and different from that used on a former occasion, "what sort of vessel do you take the chase to be?"

"A vat prize, py Gott!"—answered the German—"I doos know a slink man-of-war from a rich merchandman—does you dink?—Mein Gott, yaw!"

"Well, I only hope she is," said Jordan—"but it's as well to be prepared in case of the worst. If she does turn out to be a frigate, we can soon show them a clean pair of heels for it. There is only one vessel in these waters that can come up to her at all—

and that is the armed brig, that young devil, Sarsfield commands. He has been on the look out for us this long time—but I got intelligence of his scheme—I am up to him. Did you hear what it was?"

"Vat vash dat?" asked the Lieutenant.

"Oh, never mind now—you will know in good time," replied the captain, who was observing the manoeuvres of the chase—"I say, Vanhurst," he continued, "what is that vessel up to?"

"She have furl her courses, and ish peering down upon us—Mein Gott, put dat ish var strange."

"She intends to show fight then, you think?"

"Gott for tamn—yas—I p'lieve so."

"Well, we will give her a wider berth; helmsman, keep her away two or three points steady—so."

"Steady—so!"—re-echoed the man at the wheel.

"Ease off the main sheet—a small pull on the weather braces—that will do," said the captain, again turning his eye upon the strange ship.

A hundred *teuils*!" cried the Lieutenant, taking a long look through a telescope—"put she vas pe a merchandman after all."

"I think so," responded Jordan.

"Yas—and she vas wand to make us feard and dink she vas a man-of-war. I never see such clumsy work in King's ship—yas—pe tamn!"

"We will go about," said the captain "and stand up alongside of her, on the other tack—hard-a-lee—fore-bowline, fore-top-bowline, fore and topsail sheets let go!—mainsail haul."

Like a sea-bird on the wing, the pirate ship came to the wind—the sails shivered for a moment, the pointed yards flew round, the heavy main boom fell over to leeward, and she danced over the waters, on the other tack as if fraught with life.

Seeing that their plan had failed of success, the merchantman's courses were again let fall, the helm was put down, and the ship came slowly to the wind.

"Too late—too late!"—cried Jordan, with hoarse laugh—"Vanhurst you was right—till now I was frightened we were getting into a bad box—but she is no man-of-war. Ah, old boy," he continued, apostrophizing the captain of the bark—"that cock won't fight."

"No, pe tamn, dat cog vash not fide," said the Lieutenant.

"Vanhurst, see to the carronades—and let the men stand by, and fire when I give the word."

"Mein Gott, yas," said the dutchman, hastening foward.

They were now within range of the devoted *Blenheim*, which was soon proved by a well aimed 32 pound shot skipping over the water, and striking the pirate vessel amidships, sending the splinters flying in all directions,

and wounding two of the *Buccanier's* crew.

"Donner and blitzen—put you vas bay for dat!"—cried the Lieutenant, hastening ast—"yesh, pe tamn—you vas so!—stob liddle."

"That was a well-directed shot, Hans," said the captain—"are those guns loaded and primed, and the men standing by?"

"Mein gott, dey vas ready, and more too."

"Port your helm," shouted the captain, as he once more brought his vessel to the wind—and standing obliquely past the merchantship's stern, he bore away and laid his vessel along side—for both were now going free.

"Ho! heave to!" he shouted—"heave to, and be d—d to you!"

His answer was a broadside from the Merchantmen that made the tiny pirate bark reel and tremble, like a child's boat in a mill race—his bulwarks were shattered to pieces—his decks ripped and torn up, and about twenty men fell either wounded or dead. To make the scene still more terrific, night was approaching, and the gale which had long been threatening, now burst forth with a rushing roar that tore the ocean into foam as far as the eye could see—while the ships, bounding over the snowy waves, like race-horses, run onward side by side.

"Te *teuvil* pe tamn—put dis vash never do!" cried the Dutchman—"one nuder broadside vas pe sink us to the pottom, and more doo. We vas dry our long gun, and not pe come to close quarters." "Right again, Vanhurst," shouted the captain through the gale—"Up with the square foresail, double-reefed and put her through it—it may bury her, but the devil may care—put her through it."

To pe sure—it vas perry her—put do *teuvil* may gare—but her drew it."

The reefed foresail was hoisted—the straining masts bent forwards till the taunt cordage cracked with the tension, and the brig, half buried in the foam, darted forward like an arrow, leaving the more-clumsily worked merchant ship far behind."

"That will do, I think, Vanhurst," cried the captain we are now out of the range of those impudent scoundrel's carronades—brace sharp on a bowline, and let long tom talk to them."

"Donner and blitzen! yas!—led long tom dalk do dem. Ready apoud—hart a lee steady so. Haul daut, pe tamn to you, on de lee braces—tere, dat vas do."

"By—," cried Jordan, "I will teach those scoundrels to make such havoc among my crew another time. Not a living thing on board shall escape. I will make them all walk the plank by—!"

"Yas, we vas make dem all walk de blank, but womans—pe tamn—if womans pe on poard, we vas not make dem walk de blank—te *teuvil*! yas—he not walk de blank."

Jordan grinned hideously, and walked forward to arrange the long gun, which worked on a swivel amidships. They now had the

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devoted merchantman completely at their mercy—the long eighteen pounder having her within its range, while their carronades were useless. Every time they rose to the summit of a wave, the pirate fired—each ball telling with terrible precision on the hull of the ill-fated Blenheim. As if to favor the former, and to cut off all hope of the escape of the latter, the squall passed over as suddenly as it had appeared, and the moon breaking out threw almost a noon-tide brilliancy over the far spreading waste of waters.

"Tat vas goot," cried the Lieutenant of the Pirate—now we vas fire long dom more straighter dan straight—dare go his mainyard in te slings! Ten dousand teuvils—dat ish more petter dan goot, and more petter dan never vas, too."

Still the remorseless fire from the Pirate went on, and at every discharge, the spars of the Blenheim flew splintering in the moon beams. Several attempts were made on the part of the latter to close with the Buccanier, but in vain. The Pirate had been taught a respectful distance—and he kept it.

At length all attempts at resistance seemed abandoned—the spars of the ill-fated ship were hanging in the slings—her sails were torn to ribbons—and several shots had riddled the hull between wind and water.

The mate now pointed out to the attention of the captain, a man standing in the mizen rigging, who was waving his hat in token of surrender.

"Never mind!" thundered the ferocious Jordan, with a terrible oath—"blaze away at them, till there is not a d—d one left to wave his hat. I intend to give old Nicholas work to-night, for when I board them I intend to cut the throat of every villain that is left alive."

"Yaw—ten dousand teuvils, we vas cut dere troats, pe tamn! Let us stob long dom, and poard dem now—it vas pe getting galm enough."

"Well, I expect they don't feel in a humor now to give us another broadside"—said the Pirate—"so, quarter master, luff up and lay her along side the ship. Vanhurst, clear away the launch, and let her be manned."

In a short time the Pirate vessel was within hail of the Blenheim. One of the crew of the latter mounted the rigging and announced their surrender.

"Vanhurst," said Jordan, "jump into the launch with twenty men, and make short work with all on board. I dare say she is richly laden—"

"Sail, ho!—close on the weather bow"—cried the Pirate lookout man."

"Gott fer tamn!" cried the mate at this unexpected announcement. He was about to descend—but he stopped short and looked at the captain for further orders.

"Go on!" thundered the Pirate—"it's only a merchant brig—what the d—l are you frightened at? You have plenty of time to

take out the valuables, cut the throats of all on board, and scuttle the ship before the stranger comes up, even if she is a cruiser. I will keep them in play till then."

"No! py mein Gott!" cried the Mate—"I vas not poard dat ship. Does you dink dat vas von merchand prig? Hunner and five million teuvils, she vas von prig of war!"

As he said this, the strange sail had yawed for a moment, and the Hollander had obtained a brief but accurate survey of her looks.

Jordan gnashed his teeth—"Dutch idiot!" he shouted, snatching a pistol from his belt, "I will teach you to mutiny at a time like this"—and so saying, he fired, and the horrified lieutenant roaring out, in a voice that sounded like the bellow of a wounded bull—"Von hunner million teuvils"—fell to the deck, with his arm shattered to pieces.

"I must go myself," he cried, jumping into the boat, "La Vega," he continued to a whiskered Spaniard, who acted as second lieutenant,—"take command of the brig till I return, and if you see any signs of foul play on board the prize, fire right into her, and send more men along."

"Aye, aye," responded the Officer, as the boat put off. Scarce had they gained the deck of the English ship, when a cloud of smoke burst from the stranger's bow, and an eighteen pounder came whirling over the pirates' heads.

"Perdition!" exclaimed Jordan, "who would have thought it was a cruiser?"—adding, as he sprang upon the Blenheim's deck—"To work, men—quick—no quarter!" He now took a hurried look at the strange vessel—and remarked in a passionate tone—"Vanhurst was right, by—! it is an armed brigantine! Never mind—the Ocean Queen and the prize both together will be more than a match for him. To work—men!—we have time enough!"

"Not by a long chalk," cried one of the Pirates, trembling all over, as if he had been suddenly struck with an ague fit—"she is close on board, and La Vega is bearing away! We are lost—lost!"

"Liar!" yelled Jordan, as the truth of his desperate situation flashed to his mind—"he dare not desert me."

"Look!" cried the man.

It was too true. Plainly perceiving that the stranger was a man of war, the Pirates had thought only of their own safety, and bore away, leaving Jordan and his companions to their fate. In the meantime an indiscriminate slaughter was going on, in compliance with Jordan's commands—as he was anxious to murder all on board before the stranger came up, and so prevent any cry for assistance being raised.

"By Satan! the game is up!" cried the Pirate chief, the damp sweat of despair rolling from his brow,—"but thank heaven, there is one chance yet," he muttered, as the other vessel bore down and hailed—

The Pirate's Creed.

"O, she had had fear'd her soul was given
To some unhallowed child of air—
Some erring spirit lost from heaven."—MOORE.

When Frances Mason again opened her eyes, as the returning soul once more again resumed her functions, her gaze fell upon a face which save in her dreams, she had never seen but once. Instinctively she closed her eyes, and a shudder of indescribable emotion thrilled her frame. "I am still dreaming," she thought—"I never sleep but that face haunts my visions. In my waking hours I can shut it from my mind—would that I could also shut it from my dreams!"

She looked around, and found herself in a ship's stateroom, tastefully decorated,—but different from the one which she had occupied in the Blenheim. At length, however, a dim and vague recollection of some of the events of the preceding 24 hours flashed to her mind,—the chase—the gale, the conflict—lastly the, the vision of the horrible face that had met her gaze when she was dragged, half dead, from the cabin,—all rushed to her mind, and a vague, wild fear, almost amounting to delirium, flashed for a moment across her brain. Again, with a convulsive effort, she opened her eyes; the scene was not visionary—it was reality. With an involuntary shriek, she exclaimed, as she again caught a glimpse of those but too well-remembered features—

"Jordan, the Pirate!"

"Be composed, dear lady," said the person addressed—"you are in safety, and will very soon be conveyed home."

"Murderer," she cried, "where are my companions?"

"Lady, I am not," answered the Pirate; "I spare life—I do not destroy it. Your companions are all prisoners."

"Thank heaven, they were not butchered then! Where is Mrs. Seton?"

The Pirate was silent.

"Is she a prisoner also?"

He bowed his head.

"And why are we not together?" she cried starting up.

"The prisoners have been sent away in the prize," said the other, "but lady," he added, "fear nothing—rest assured you are safe.—Every one around you is desirous of consulting your comfort, and this cabin is appropriated wholly to your use, until we arrive in port—when you will be taken to your home. But do not agitate yourself now, on account of the late fearful scenes, which must have distracted your mind with terror."

"And, why, wretch," she continued, emboldened by the very despair that stared her in the face—"why do you enact such scenes?—are they not your doings?"

"Lady," said the pirate, in a voice that somewhat trembled—"twice I have preserved

"Aho! there! What's wrong?"

"We've been attacked by a Pirate," replied Jordan, in his hoarse voice—"but your shot has scared them. Make sail in their wake, and you may come up with them yet."

"Are you much damaged?"

"Not at all—but lose no time in giving chase, or the piratical rascals may get off."

"No!—no!" cried one of the survivors, springing from his concealment—"they are on—"

There was a scuffle heard by those on board the man of war—a smothered cry—a dull, crushing sound, and then a heavy fall.

"Something wrong!" exclaimed the captain of the man of war brig—"Lower away the cutter there—quick!"

He jumped in himself, and ordered the men to give way.

"Here they come!" cried Jordan, standing on the gangway, with a cocked pistol in each hand—"but by Satan! we'll die game!"

At this moment one of the Pirates, who had gone below to pillage, returned on deck—dragging with him two shrieking females—

"Captain, captain," he cried as he pulled them forward to where Jordan stood—"we have hostages for our lives, and can make our own terms."

"Good! by—!" echoed Jordan, snatching at the idea—"Mount you the gangway with that one, and hold her up to their sight, and the moment they disregard my offer and try to board, cut her throat and toss her over the side. Our own lives before any other consideration. I will take this one," he added, seizing Mrs. Seton by the arm, and lifting her, half fainting up to where he stood, and holding a pistol to her head. As for Frances, she was perfectly insensible, and in a state that more nearly resembled death than life.

The man of war's boat was now close on board.

Jordan raised high the form of Mrs. Seyton with his right hand, and waving his left, he cried in a voice of thunder—

"Keep off!—keep off! or by Eternal Hell! I will hurl this innocent woman's body upon your heads!"

"Frances Mason!" shrieked the man of war officer, as catching a glimpse of her pale face, he bounded to the deck. No sooner had he done so, than the Pirate's pistol exploded, and the lifeless body of Mrs. Seyton fell to the dark waters below.

"Fight on!" roared Jordan—"we out number them two to one. Show them no quarter—for they will show none to us!"

"Harm him not!" thundered the British officer, in a voice that rang high and loud above the clash of the breaking swords and the trampling feet—"harm him not—he shall die no warrior's death!"

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“ Were you not one when you ordered
your demon crew to fire into this ship ?”

“ This ship fired first, and we only acted on
self defence.”

“ Were you not nearly taken by another
vessel ?” asked Frances, whose terrors were
now partially allayed—“ I heard them say,
before I lost all consciousness, that there was
a chance of our being rescued.”

“ Yes—a boat boarded us from that vessel,”
but we beat them off.”

“ And can you,” she continued, “ who can
thus converse rationally, and, on some occa-
sions, act with generosity, can you delight in
such a life of rapine, slaughter and blood—till
your name has become a byword, and your
deeds held up to the execration of a justly
incensed world ?”

The outlaw paused. “ Lady,” he at length
said—“ it is that world which has made me
such as I am. You view this matter through
a false medium ; your ideas on the subject
have been impressed on your mind since your
earliest childhood, and when we have long
believed what is wrong, it at last assumes the
appearance of right. Men become accustomed
to view this question in a certain light, and
only under one aspect—till, at last, to their
minds, it becomes a moral impossibility to view
it in any other. Any infringement that is
made on the self-evident principles of justice
and human rights by a constituted body, men
do not question, but submit to its impositions
because it is conventional usage and has
assumed the appearance of what is termed
legality ; and yet those impositions may involve
both robbery and bloodshed. But when an
individual member of society denies the right
of any human power to divest him of the
exercise of his own will, either by usage or
enactments—when he acts on the assumption
that he is a member of no particular fraternity
—a citizen of the world, and not of a nation—
even although he forsake the land and makes
himself a home upon the wide and trackless
sea, as an empire not under the dominion of
any nation—men look upon his conduct as a
monstrous violation of those conventional
laws which they have always been taught to
regard as sacred—and, hence, deny to the
individual the right of free agency which they
yield to united society. A king, with an
hundred thousand men, may shed the blood of
a nation—but it is legal warfare ; an individual
sheds the blood of one, and it is murder. A
king may plunder and lay desolate a whole
realm, but the robbery is hallowed by the same
title to legality—if I, on the other hand, rob a
solitary ship, it is denounced as piracy. I do
not hold up my evil example to make mine
appear less evil ; I merely wish to show that
the evils of which you speak, and which you
have hitherto considered partial, are not so—
they are widespread and general. From the
king on his throne to the bravo in the streets,

the same system of high hand wrong is pursued
—the strong imposes on the weaker. Man is
the natural prey of man—it has been so, is so
and will be so, until the breaking morn of the
Millenium. Society has thrown me out its
pale—why should I recognize or abide by its
laws ? I never sanctioned or concurred in
those laws, why should I be reviled for not
obeying them ?”

“ You have had recourse to the most subtle
sophistry in defending your conduct,” said
Frances, “ which puzzles one though it does
not convince. Put after all you have said, one
great fact remains evident—you take from
others, the property which is not yours, and
which you have no right to.”

“ True,” said the pirate, calmly—“ but,
lady, so does all the rest of the world. The
king plunders the property of his subjects—
the subject cheats his fellow subject—the
church robs the laity, and the laity rob one
another. The only difference between us is
in the mode pursued. I rob openly and
without fear—I defy an united world—I rob by
the right of the strong arm and the mailed
hand—but the king robs under the form of
legal taxation, and by means of a system
upheld by corruption, bribery and force—the
church obtains its tithes by aid of the bayonet
—while the citizen robs from his fellow by
falsehood and dissimulation. In this mine is
the most noble course, for what I do is done
in open day and in the eyes of the whole
world. Yet the wickedness of the one is
regarded not—he is esteemed by his friends—
beloved by his family—united to the female of
his choice, and dies surrounded by lamenting
survivors. But for me”——cried the Pirate,
springing up—“ I have no friend in this wide
world—no woman’s smile can beam for me !
no gentle voice shall soothe my dying hour—
no tear bedew my corpse. Not in harmony
and peace shall my parting spirit fly— but in
the red hot breath of battle, or in the whirlwind
storm must my soul wing its flight. O ! sudden
bloody and ignominious must be my end—let
the time come when it may !”

And, as if overcome by his feelings this
mysterious and unfathomable man mounted
the deck, and left Miss Mason lost in doubt
and apprehension.

This was soon allayed. In a short time the
pirate re-entered the cabin, and leading her
on deck, she found the vessel entering the
harbor which she had left so shortly previous.
Her gratitude to heaven for this her second
miraculous deliverance was so unbounded,
that it deprived her of speech, and she entered
the boat in silence. During the passage of
the boat to the shore, not a word was spoken,
and, although Frances trembled with anxiety,
knowing the danger to which he exposed
himself in landing, she could not muster up
sufficient courage to hint at her fears, or
dissuade him from so venturous an experi-
ment. On landing, he handed her into a
carriage which one of his men had ordered

previously, and, to her inexpressible terror, took a seat beside her, at the same time directing the driver to take the road that led to her father's house.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Ball room again.

"This is the strangest tale that ever I heard."
SHARA, COM. OF ERRORS.

We must now return to the point where we left the reader at the close of the ninth chapter. Scarce had Mason given vent to the outburst of his grief at the intelligence of the capture of the *Blenheim*, when his daughter entered the room, and clasping her father round the neck, exclaimed—"I am here, father!—fear not for me—by the merest accident, I have been preserved!"

The amazement produced by her words and her sudden appearance, may better be conceived than described. At first the whole party stood mute and spell-bound in their astonishment, till her father, recovering himself somewhat, exclaimed:—

"Heavens!—I am struck dumb!—The ship captured by a pirate!—by this infernal devil, Jordan, too!—All on board murdered!—and you escape!—*how can it be possible!*"

"This is a most unaccountable mystery," said Sir Edward, while Mason relapsed into silent astonishment—"Surely the pirate did not set you at liberty! If so, the fellow is an enigma which I cannot solve."

"I can scarcely remember anything connected with that fearful scene," replied Frances, trembling at the very recollection—"from the time that the pirate ship hove in sight, a mortal sickness overcame me, and my memory of what took place is as confused and vague as the visions we see in the delirium of fever. I have a dim sensation of the firing—the sound of conflict—the cry that a vessel was bearing down to our rescue—that I was dragged on deck—but remember nothing else, till I awoke or recovered my senses in the pirate vessel—where I was treated with every attention—fetched on shore, and brought safely home, about half an hour since.—What became of my fellow passengers and crew I know not—I was told they were retained as prisoners.—To-morrow I will be able to tell the story in a more coherent manner—but to-night I feel so agitated that I am unable."

"Ha!"—muttered Carlynden, grinding his teeth, "I see it all. But I will baulk them!"

"I never heard of such an escape!" cried the knight, in astonishment. "A most wonderful *penchant* for pirate adventure, truly,"—said Carlynden with a covert sneer—"I hope this fellow's depredations will be confined to the sea. However, I must make short work of it now," he added internally, "and bring the matter to a close."

Now for the first time the full sense of the

danger, his child had undergone, and her mysterious preservation a second time from the fate that once before had threatened her, burst upon Mason's mind, and he clasped her in his arms and was silent.

Sir Edward still looked on, incredulously. "How," he asked, "have you been restored to your home so quickly?"

"The person—that is my captor—had me conveyed on shore—treated me with every respect possible—and had me taken home in a coach without the least delay."

"Most extraordinary!" exclaimed Sir Edward—"and are any of them here now? But I see it all," he added "you have got confused with fright—the ship that bore down on you saved you, depend upon it. Yes, I have it! that is it. When you came to your senses, you were not in the pirate ship?"

"Yes," replied Frances, "and the pirate himself standing by me."

"Oh!"—said Carlynden, drawing his breath between his shut teeth—"And are any of them here, now may I ask, Miss Mason?"

"Yes—no—" stammered Frances, in a confused tone, "that is they set me down at the door, and then returned."

"And why did you not invite them in?" said Mason, upbraidingly, "that I might have thanked and rewarded them for this unaccountable preservation of the treasure I prize dearest on earth?"

"I did," replied Frances, artlessly; "but they alleged want of time, and hurried back."

"No doubt they did," said Carlynden, sneering, "do you suppose they were mad, to have thrust themselves into the very hands of justice?—Mad enough they were—but not mad enough to do that. Neither can I see how they are entitled to your gratitude; I once heard of a dog who saved a child by jumping into the canal after it; it was so caressed for the action, that shortly after, seeing another child on the bank, he shoved it in, for the purpose of having the pleasure of pulling it out again, and being again praised. This did not save him, however, from being hanged, for his gratuitous services—and neither I trust will this feat of first capturing Miss Mason, and then releasing her, prevent this Mr. Jordan from being hanged, if he is taken."

"True, true," said Mason—"that never struck me; but, perhaps, it was as Sir Edward suggests—she may have been rescued by the crew of the vessel that bore down to them, in which case they would have been entitled to my utmost gratitude, had they have come in."

"I tell you," said Frances, "that it was the pirate that accompanied me home—and further he told me that he had beaten off the other ship. I find my mind almost unsettled by the events of the last twenty four hours, and on any other point would not be so positive—but of that I am sure."

"You are wearied out, love," said her father, anxiously, as he took her hand, and led

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her to the door, "you had better retire. I will wait impatiently till to-morrow for the details of your perilous adventure—an adventure so stunning to my senses, that even yet I cannot realize it."

"Well, one thing is certain, said Sir Edward, "the fellow cannot be far off the coast—and in the morning I shall have a look after him."

"And if permitted," added Carlynden, "I will accompany you as a volunteer. I owe Monsieur Jordan an old score, and am anxious to pay it."

"And he will give you a full discharge—and a discharge from all your earthly liabilities as well"—whispered a voice in the officer's ear.

Carlynden started—and turned suddenly round to see from whence the words came—but he saw none to whom he could trace them.

"Who spoke!"—he exclaimed—but no one replied. Subduing his anger, which had, to say the truth, a spice of fear in it, he remained quiet and observant, trusting thus to discover the cause of this sudden interruption.

Meantime Mason had left his daughter at the door, and rejoined Sir Edward Sarsfield. As the young lady opened it to pass out, the stranger before referred to, followed her, and whispered as he went out—

"One word more, for mercy's sake!—and then adieu forever, and forever!"

With difficulty she repressed a scream at this sudden address, but recognizing the sound of his voice, she exclaimed, in a tone trembling with terror—

"You here yet!—In God's name, begone!—Add not self-murder to the black catalogue of your crimes by remaining here longer!"

"Hush!"—he exclaimed, as he caught her arm, to enforce silence—"listen!"

"Mason, this villain's depredations are passing all bounds," said Sir Edward, as the merchant rejoined him, "and I swear by the coronet which I one day hope to wear! to cruise these waters till I bring him to punishment—or never to return! I will now do myself that which I have hitherto entrusted to the judgment and courage of my son. He commands an armed vessel, and promised to do great things, when he departed on his cruise in search of the Buccaneers that infest these seas—but I have never heard of the young mad-cap since; I suspect he found Jordan too wily for him—although Teach or Blackbeard was the bugbear then—and this Jordan was not known—nor do we yet know who he is—but the desperado has a worse foe now to contend with!—one who will not hunt in vain!—No! by Saint George! he shall hang, before a month rolls over, or I have cruised the ocean forty years for nothing!"

"Heard you that!"—cried Frances to the stranger, in a voice so agitated she could hardly speak; "go—go," she cried, pushing him away—"your blood spilt here will not

atone for your sins!—for the sake of heaven, begone—and haunt me not again!"

"I have but few words to say," said the stranger, in a low, thrilling tone—"do you deny me the privilege? Frances Mason, my life has been forfeited in my attempt to restore you to your home—for that I care not—but that I should go down to the grave without a word of sympathy—without unburthening my soul of the secret within it—maddens me. I do not ask this final interview as a recompense for any fancied services you may suppose I have rendered you, I am yet too proud for that—but grant it to me as an act of friendship of mercy, if you will. You spurn me from you, you deny me the privilege!—then be it so—you are in the right—I am not a being with whom the pure and innocent should hold converse—but I am such as circumstances and nature made me—and by Nature's God must I be judged.—Farewell!"

"Stop!" she cried frantically, as he threw an upbraiding look upon her from those dark, burning eyes, that flashed in that dark recess with the brilliancy produced by passion and excitement—"what would you say?—Merciful Heaven! what shall I do!"

Without replying, he took her reluctant hand, and led her out into the open air. In a few moments they were in the garden, attached to the mansion, and stood shrouded in the gloom of the overhanging trees. Above them a thousand stars were trembling and glittering in the dark blue sky, while the sullen and monotonous boom of the distant ocean broke upon the silence of the night, like the knell of the world's doom.

CHAP. XIV.

Love.

She loves—but knows not whom she loves,
Nor what his race nor whence he came,
Like one who rests in Indian groves
Some beauteous bird without a name.—MOORE.

So great was her fear, that for some time she stood in utter silence, which he did not appear inclined to break, for he remained gazing on her soft dreamy eyes, as if they were the star of his destiny, and bore "all the light that shone on earth for him." So deep, so absorbing was this reverie, that she could not but feel a thrill of admiration for the daring being who could thus so fearlessly pause while but one step divided him from the tremendous abyss that yawned to engulf him forever. But soon an overwhelming sense of the impropriety of her situation—a sense of the danger to which the inexplicable being standing before her exposed himself, bursting upon her mind—she exclaimed, in a voice that trembled with excitement—

"Madman! why do you tempt destiny?—Did you not hear that terrible threat of Sir Edward's?—why, in heaven's name, do you linger?"

The young man smiled, revealing beneath his jet moustache his white and even teeth—"I fear not the threats of Sir Edward Sarsfield," he said, scornfully—"threats of a similar kind have been made before now, by men as wily and as brave as he is, but as a proof of their worthlessness I stand before you now. No, lady, it is not that I fear—I fear more that you will refuse me my last request than I do the power of all England. Ever since the hour in which I saw you first the blackness of my soul has vanished, and I one bright golden dream has irradiated it instead—a dream that must now end, but the blessed memory of which shall exist until the period arrives when my brief but fateful career, must terminate by a premature and bloody death."

Frances shuddered and was silent. She turned to depart, but there was a fascination, some potent, all-powerful spell in the light of those burning eyes, that chained her to the spot, and deprived her of speech or motion.

"I know all you would say," he continued; "you think that there is an eternal barrier placed between us—that we are as far removed from each other's sphere as the depths of hell and the heights of heaven—that the very fact of my speaking to you is something revolting and horrible—and that the sooner our short and eventful acquaintance ends the better—since, were it known, it would entail endless shame on the fair Frances Mason. Start not! I am speaking to you probably for the last time, in this bitter and woe-fraught world, and shall therefore speak freely. You think our natures as antagonistic as the angels of light and those of the bottomless pit—and that you are bound to give me this final interview in gratitude for having twice saved your life—but that otherwise I were unworthy to pollute by my presence the very air which you breathe. And in all you are right—nor would I haunt you thus now, but that an irresistible destiny impels me on, even although death were the penalty of my presumption.—Nay, interrupt me not—my time is short, and I may never gaze upon those sweet dark eyes again: you will become the beloved and happy bride of some rich and haughty suitor—while I shall descend to death and infamy, and you will only hear my name mentioned in connection with rapine and sin of every kind. Curses, not tears, will follow me to my dishonoured grave—not a solitary eye shall weep, no sister's kiss, no brother's hand, no mother's gentle voice shall give me a last farewell—but alone, unaided and unpitied must I go through the fiery ordeal. Be it so—it matters not, since I am about losing that which would have made life glorious beyond measure. But my doom has been pronounced—and as I have sown so must I reap. Society believe my system of belief wrong, and I believe theirs to be wrong. I have as good a right to enjoy and act up to my system of belief as they have to theirs. Yet despite the dreadful death which stares me in the face, one blessed dream has irradiated my soul, and will until its

light is quenched in the darkness of the grave. As a memento of that dream I ask you for the ribbon around your neck, the only favor I shall ever ask of you. You wore that ribbon on the day I saw you first—give it me, and then, adieu, forever—I shall never see you more."

Frances was shaken with emotion to her inmost soul, but she replied, firmly—

"I cannot; it is attached to a miniature I have worn since childhood."

"Give it me," continued the other, in his thrilling tone—"detach it from the picture, for the ribbon can have no associations."

"No, no"—she cried—"Go! for God's sake, leave me! Unhappy man, never was love more misplaced than yours!"

"Frances Mason, you will not refuse me," persisted the stranger; "it is all the record I ask of our ill-fated acquaintance. Give it to me—I will not trouble you again. Unless my name is redeemed from all disgrace—a thing which cannot be—you will see me no more."

"O, heaven! your words will distract me," she cried, clasping her hands, and turning to leave the spot—"Depart, wretched man!—repent and obtain forgiveness!"

Again that smile of unfathomable confidence—that certainty of requited love, lit up his face—and he exclaimed, as he drew still nearer to her—

"Frances, you love me—unhappy girl, your love is as misplaced as mine. Yet, what is it to the human heart that loves and cleaves towards another, what the object of its passion has been or is?—love cares not for the cold opinions of the world. What is it to you if I hate all the world, and love but you alone? And why is it that you forsake me?—because all mankind have forsaken me! Men start with horror at the mention of my name, and because they do so, you also spurn me from your presence. I have violated certain laws, and for this I must suffer scorn and obloquy, the prison, the halter, the grave. No human love is proof to such an ordeal as to accompany me through this. Even a mother's love would vanish at the task—a brother would forsake me—a father would turn in loathing from the bier of his dishonored boy—and can I then expect yours? Would not such a hope be founded in madness? They say a woman's affection for her lover is proof to all things—that when all have forsaken him she will not; though he dies of the infectious plague, she is at his side—though he mount the scaffold, the martyr of religion or politics, she deserts him not—but even the love of woman fails to accompany to disgrace far worse than death such a career as mine. All earth has united against me—there is no resting place for the sole of my foot—wherever the waters roll my enemies are there—wherever earth indicates the presence of civilized man there will my human hunters be found. And will you, too, Frances, join in the blood-hound cry that is raised for my life?—will you also thirst for

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done so?—No, no—no!—you love me!—
Frances, my adored one—I feel—I know it—
you will love me to the last!"

"O! God! too much!"—she whispered—
the effort was too great—her brain reeled, the
light forsook her eyes, and, with that invol-
untary exclamation, she fell fainting forward,
and was caught in the stranger's arms.

CHAP. XV.

Carlynden.

"Danger?" he cried "thou little know'st,
What he can dare who, born and nursed
In danger's paths, has dared her worst—
Upon whose ear the signal word
Of life and death is hourly breaking—
Who sleeps with head upon the sword
His fever'd hand must grasp in waking."

FIRE WORSHIPPERS

When Frances recovered from the death-
like swoon into which the excess of her
tumultuous feelings had thrown her, as she
made the involuntary exclamation which had
betrayed her passion for the outlaw, she still
found him beside her, bathing her temples
with water that gushed from a fount in the
garden. He appeared wild with agony and
apprehension, fearing lest the struggle be-
tween her feelings and her duty had overcome
her reason: No sooner had she opened her
eyes, however, than the memory of the late
scenes came floating over her mind, and she
instantly comprehended her embarrassing
situation, and again implored her companion
with all the eloquence of which she was able,
to leave the place immediately.

"Destiny has separated us eternally," she
said—"let us not make our condition more
wretched than it is. A lifetime of reproach
repentance and tears must be mine—nor will
that atone for this unpardonable violation on
my part of everything that is womanly and
dignified:—and for you, unhappy man, retire
to some seclusion and repent of your dark
and numberless sins. Hope not of requited
love," she added, while her flashing eyes
sparkled in the star light—"for I swear by
yon Heaven that over-canopies us both that I
will not return the love of one whose hand is
wet with the blood of murder!"

"The woman who parleys is lost,"
thought her lover—"let us see whether it
will be so in this instance—or whether she
will have the moral fortitude to resist. I will
test her affection still further. Frances," he
added aloud, "so far from your having acted
unwomanly, you have acted up to the very
nature of woman—and that in spite of your-
self—and when you forswear my love, you
are allowing those cold formalities which the
world has declared shall guide us, to triumph
over your woman's heart. Yet why to please
the world and its opinions should we render

each other wretched forever by an eternal
separation? Rather let us be all the world to
each other, and live in an atmosphere of our
own."

"What!" she cried—"become the parti-
cipator in your atrocities—go on board your
dreadful bark and associate with your demon
crew?—do you mean this?"

"Heaven forbid!" cried the pirate—"no!
we will seek out some remote forest home,
where tales of my name have never been told,
—and there, heedless of the surrounding
world, be all in all to each other."

"No, never!" she replied—"mad and
infatuated as I have been in giving way to
this passion thus far, I am not so utterly lost
to reason and self-respect as to link my fate
to one trebly dyed in sin and blood, and yet
unrepentant. No—my heart may break in
the struggle—and let it, as a meet atonement
for my folly, but never will I suffer my feelings
to lead me into assured ruin. Yet heaven
knows how I have struggled to repress them
—but what human power was proof to such
an unbounded passion as took possession of
my soul from the moment I saw you first."

"And for a chimera like this," he cried—
you are willing to consign us both to despair?
—because I come not up to a certain standard,
which the world has drawn or rather am above
it, but which I recognize not—you blight the
holiest, strongest, most enduring feelings of
the human heart, and consign me to hopeless
gloom and yourself to a premature grave.—
For me, you cut off all hope of repentance, so
you alone can reclaim me—for yourself, you
will wither in your youth from unreciprocated
love."

"It is in vain to tempt me, Jordan," she
replied weeping, "I will not entertain the
base idea for one unholy moment. Were I
to do so, I would give way—and sooner death
a thousand times, than become a pirate's
bride"—and she turned to depart.

"One moment,"—he cried—but she inter-
rupted him—

"Jordan, it is vain—my resolution is taken
I will not listen to you. Farewell, forever—
and, O, if you love me as you profess, never
put my strength to such a trial again!"

"And well, noble girl, hast thou sustained
that trial," said her lover, in a tone of admi-
ration, but without evincing any sorrow at what
threatened to be an eternal separation—
"nobly hast thou sustained this trial, for
hast thou given way my hopes in thee would
have been crushed forever. Despair not,
dearest girl, but believe that I can yet redeem
my name from foul dishonor, and claim thee
in the presence of the proudest of the land."

At this moment a footstep was heard near
the spot—"Fly! fly!"—she whispered, "for
heaven's sake, remain not here!" He seized
her hand, and implanting a passionate kiss
thereon, turned and disappeared.

The intruder was Lieutenant Carlynden;
he advanced to Frances, and commenced a

conversation, which, owing to her agitation, she was by no means qualified to bear a part in—and it required a powerful effort to regain her tranquility of mind.

"You have had a perilous adventure, my dear Miss Mason," he said, "this is the second time, but it shall also be the last. Yes, by St. George!—Sir Edward sails to-morrow in quest of this audacious miscreant, Jordan—determined upon having him brought to punishment. I am going with him as a volunteer, and before departing, Miss Mason, I have sought you out to impart something which, now that I am about to leave you, I can no longer conceal."

It may well be imagined that the state of Miss Mason's mind—after the fearful scenes in the Blenheim, the conversation with her outlaw lover, and the danger that now impended over his head—was by no means prepared for the disclosures about to be made by the officer—but summoning up all her calmness and fortitude, she prepared herself for the interview. After a short silence, he said, as he kept his eyes fixed on the ground—

"It is difficult to say, Miss Mason, what may not happen, should we meet this pirate, and therefore it is that I would bid you adieu. On taking Jordan I am determined—either alive or dead—I have longed to meet him again since the day we met in the Gut of Canseau—perhaps, I have a deeper ground of revenge still than even his insults then. But he must be taken, and I am only sorry that hanging is too good a death for him."

Frances shuddered. "And why," she faltered, "would you be so sanguinary? He spared our lives, why would you thirst for his blood?"

"Because I hate him," cried Carlynden, gnashing his teeth—"I hate him, and I hate to hear you plead for him. What can he be to you, that you evince such interest in his behalf?"

"Sir!"—said Miss Mason, blushing with indignation, "Pardon me, Miss Mason," he said quickly, "I was hurried away by my feelings—but this is an eventful night for me—to-night I must learn my destiny. I have never told you—but you cannot have been blind to my motives in coming to America."

"You had no choice, Sir, I believe," said the young lady, drily—"you were ordered to leave with your regiment."

"Ah!"—exclaimed the officer, drawing a long breath, and biting his lips—"well, admitting it to be so," he continued—"have you never had reason to suspect—in fact, have I not, in a thousand instances, given you to understand that I loved you—that you were indispensable to my happiness?"

"I should imagine," said Miss Mason, in the same light tone, "only that I know your manner too well, that you were serious."

"I am serious," cried the officer—"I love you to distraction—so help me heaven!"

"I am sorry for it, Sir," said the lady, coldly—"but as I never sought your affec-

tions, I am under no obligation to return them."

"Miss Mason," continued the officer, "to-morrow I sail with Sir Edmund Sarsfield in quest of this abhorred Jordan; I may never return; this may be the last interview we shall ever have—do you refuse me the slightest ground of hope?"

"Hope of success in capturing the object of your search, do you mean?"—calmly inquired Frances.

The officer became maddened at her quiet tone of raillery, and exclaimed—

"Ha! I see it all—I have observed a change ever since the day that accursed villain boarded us. Would to God," he added passionately—"I could once more meet him face to face."

"Your wish is granted"—said a stern voice, by his side. He looked around, with an instinctive start—"and the terrific features of the pirate, Jordan, met his view."

Paralyzed, as if a spirit from the shades had crossed his path—Carlynden remained speechless—while Frances shrieked aloud with surprise and terror. The pirate stood calmly regarding the two.

"Mad, infatuated man!"—at length she cried—"why do you throw yourself thus into the very hands of justice. I thought you had gone to some retirement, to end your days in repentance and atonement for your past transgressions. Do you know your danger?"

"I know it well," said the Pirate, revealing his white teeth, as he smiled—"but I am weary of life—I can never obtain that for which I would give a thousand lives, and therefore why should I desire to live longer?"

Frances became pale as death—"this is worse than self murder," she cried—"it is murder of the soul—fly—there is yet time!"

"Too late," exclaimed Carlynden, who had recovered his startled faculties, as he drew his sword—"he has thrown himself into our hands, and he must abide the consequences."

"Into your hands," repeated the Pirate scornfully—"I think, sir, we have crossed swords before—you know whether I have cause to fear you."

Carlynden's answer was a desperate lunge, which the pirate, with difficulty, parried—and they both for a moment paused and stood upon the defensive, ere engaging in a contest which threatened death to either one or the other of the combatants.

Motionless with terror, Frances Mason uttered shriek upon shriek, which, in a few moments, alarmed the house, and in a short time, lights were seen coming to the spot, the approaching persons guided by the sound of the ringing swords of the combatants. But a few passes had been exchanged, when Mr. Mason and the English Knight rushed to the scene—but as the former caught a glimpse of the fierce Buccanier's face, he almost shrieked.

"Jordan—the pirate!"

"Jordan!"—re-echoed Sir Edward Sarsfield, drawing his sword—"the daring scoun-

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drel"—in a moment the unfortunate outlaw was surrounded, and in the *melee*, the sword of one of the parties was passed through the fleshy part of his throat. His mouth filled with blood, and he was incapable of uttering a word.

"Merciful God!"—cried Frances, sinking upon the grass—"Barbarians, you have killed him!"

"And if we have," said the Knight, smiling grimly, as her father rushed to his daughter's assistance—"it is the best night's work we ever did—but his single death will not bring to life the countless victim that have fallen by his bloody hand. But I should not like to see him die a soldier's death. He must die like a dog on the gallows tree. But, Mason, are you sure it is Jordan?"

"I cannot mistake those infernal features," said the old man—"it is him."

"Is there anything out of hell could look like that," said Carlynden scornfully, "except the devil Jordan!"

"To the frigate with him, then," cried Sarsfield—"let those bandages be taken off his arms when he gets on board, and place heavy handcuffs on him. I must take him to England—and must use every precaution that he does not escape."

"Oh! my father," cried Frances, in an agonized tone—"he spared our lives once—mine twice—let the unfortunate man go!—be not guilty of his blood!"

Her father, who seemed paralyzed from the first moment he had seen the bandit's face, answered not; Carlynden ground his teeth, and Sir Edward laughed aloud—

"Let him go!" he exclaimed—"no by St. John the Evangelist! we had too much trouble to get him in our power to let him go so easily. Let him go! eh?"

"Sir Edward," cried Frances kneeling with clasped hands at the knight's feet—"he saved my life—for God's sake!—spare him his—oh, have not his blood on your hands! Since his creator has borne with him so long, why can not his fellow sinner man shew that mercy which he himself so much requires!"

"Is the girl mad!"—cried Sarsfield—"what! let the Devil loose again!—let Jordan escape!"

"What is the meaning of this, Frances," said her father, raising her half fainting from the earth—"don't you perceive it is in vain?—the man's life is forfeited—you have done all you can—and it is unavailing to plead any more, I can't understand this scene."

"Can you not?"—said Carlynden with a sneer—"perhaps others can. Ask the pirate what brought him here."

"I would," said Sir Edward, tauntingly, "but don't you see the poor fellow's hands are tied and his mouth is full—and he can neither move his hand nor wag his tongue. What! can this be the great Jordan—the renowned sea king!—is this the man that stands on the gangway and thunders death and terror to his victims who walk the plank!"

"Where are your painted bravos now, Captain Jordan?"—continued Carlynden in the same mocking style—"where are your big words, and withering scowls—where is the lady who loved you so well," he added with a bitter sneer, directed to Frances Mason, who stood by with a cheek blanched as ashes—"speak to her man—oh! you can't, eh?—your mouth is full of blood."

"What!" echoed Mason, as a suspicion flashed across his mind.

"Oh nothing," replied Carlynden, with the same quiet sneer, "only that Monsieur Jordan there has paid pretty dear for his attempt in paying addresses to Miss Frances Mason—and fully explains why she takes such an interest in his behalf."

"He has spoken the truth!" said Frances, in that tone of desperate resignation, which evinces, neither fear of punishment, reproach, or future consequence.

"Wretched girl!" echoed her father, starting from her side, as if an adder had bitten him—"and is it on a demon like this—" he could not finish—for his utterance seemed choked, while Carlynden seemed to enjoy the scene with fiendlike glee.

"Have done with this non-sense!"—exclaimed Sir Edward Sarsfield—"off with him to the ship; Carlynden, to you I commit him, and I think you will keep him safe—" suddenly the speaker stopped, as if smitten by the angel of death—his fixed and staring eyes were riveted on something which hung from the prisoner's neck, o'er which the blood was streaming—he rushed forward, drew it out—tore the false beard from the pirate's face, and with an exclamation of madness and shame, he fell back into Carlynden's arms, with scarce the power to move a limb.

CHAP. XVI.

"I might have known there was but one,
Whose look could quell Lord Marmion."—SCOTT.

It was while Frances Mason lay in the State room of the brigantine when being conveyed ashore, after the capture of the *Blenheim* by the pirate, that we must return to explain the events of last chapter. The pirate captain was now walking the quarter deck of his brig—he had thrown aside his mask and hideous dress, and was conversing earnestly with a young officer—the same who had attended him when boarding the ship in the *Gut of Canseau*, and whom he had called McGregor.

"Yes," continued the pirate captain—"it was a foolish—very desperate adventure from the first—and had I known the results it was destined to lead to, I would sooner have forfeited my commission than have tried it. But since I have gone so far, I will carry the game out, as it enables me to solve by actual experiment a problem which I have long been in doubt about."

"You mean the force of woman's love."

"Yes—I have a glorious opportunity.—When I first was ordered to cruise in search of pirates, I was determined to do what no one could do—capture them. So after racking my brains a long time, I fell upon the scheme of disguising the vessel and the crew, and assume as much as possible the appearance of this Jordan, of whom, of course, the other pirate vessels would not be in dread. The plan answered admirably; several, you are aware, entered Pirate Cove while we lay there, and never dreamed of danger, always taking us for Jordan. Well, things went very well, till we boarded that merchant ship. We were told, you remember, that she was a pirate prize, and was then in their hands; well, after that event, you can vouch for my state of mind."

"Yes," said the subordinate officer, laughing—"you had about as bad a love-fit since as ever a poor devil was inflicted with. But why do you not now reveal yourself—declare your love—and obtain her consent?"

"No—no, M'Gregor," replied the captain—"the wife I should like to have would be one that could love me with the same burning passion as that felt by me for her,—one that would be willing to lay down her life for me nor shrink from my side under any circumstances—and one like that I will have, or none."

"Then, by my troth, you will be long unmarried," said M'Gregor—"there are nae sic women."

"I don't know," pursued the captain; "I have read and heard much of woman's unwavering fidelity—as well as of her faithlessness. I shall now have an opportunity of putting it to the test. I love this Miss Mason with the whole strength of which my nature is capable—but I shall make sure it is mutual before revealing it. She believes me the pirate Jordan—it will require a great stretch of affection to enable her to listen even to a declaration coming from such a character—should she do so, I will endeavor to overcome her scruples with regard to those fixed principles of moral right and wrong, whereby every one should be guided, and induce her to fly with me;—should she consent to this, I will then own her love to be the result of passion and not guided by either principle or duty—and mine will cool in a proportionate degree. Should she resist she will be just the woman I could admire for her strength of mind as well as beautiful face. I will try one more test. I will suffer myself to be arrested, and if she braves the shame—the scorn—the obloquy that will be heaped upon her for pleading for a pirate's life—I cannot have a scruple left with regard to the strength of her love."

"I should imagine not," said the Lieutenant; "but do ye ken there is nane on earth bearing the form of women that will do all this—pshaw!"

"I don't know," said the other musing—"I will be able to answer you ere twenty-four hours pass away."

"Will you go disguised as Jordan?"

"I will attend her to her father's house, as I am now—but will take a false beard with me, and when the proper time arrives, will assume it."

"But suppose," urged the Lieutenant, "an attack were made upon you, and you were sabred before having time to undeceive them?—it would be paying dear for the experiment that!"

"Oh, the moment I speak—my father who is there will recognise my voice."

"I dinna ken," urged M'Gregor, "Sir Edward is a pretty fiery old fellow, and would as soon hang first and judge afterwards as not. Suppose he is not there either; the pirate Jordan telling them that he was Captain Charles Sarsfield, would look vera much like a whale story."

"Well then, thou most cautious of advisers, suppose I plant you with a few men, together with the real Jordan, at a short distance from the house, ready to rush to the rescue upon a given signal, say a whistle."

"Ah, that will be something like prudence," responded the lieutenant, who was burning with desire to be present and enjoy the denouement, "once they hear my statement that ye are the real and veritable Captain Charles Sarsfield, and that the fellow below there is the actual and bona fide Captain William Jordan, the most incredulous must be satisfied. I ought to be able to give testimony on the subject, for I never had a more difficult piece of business in hand than to take him alive."

"Well, I shall go below," said the officer, "and see how Miss Mason is."

"The pirate loon you was speerin for ye," said the officer, "ever since he got out of his tantrums. He's got the dirt washed off his face now, and looks mair christianlike."

"He wants to see me?" said Sarsfield, "let him be brought in then, well guarded."

In a few moments the pirate was ushered aft between a double file of marines, with fixed bayonets, an officer walking in front of him with a drawn cutlass at his breast, to prevent any attempt at suicide. The change in his countenance since he was last before the reader is for the worse: it is a mixture of hardened desperation and unconquerable defiance.

"And it is to you, Sarsfield," he said, in a deep hoarse voice, "that I owe this good turn? It was a vile scheme to betray me!" he shouted—"but after all, had those sons of hell who deserted me, remained true, the Ocean Queen would have beaten you off."

The officer started, utterly astounded at this recognition. "What! Jordan!" he cried amazed, "and this is the fate to which your terrible belief, your atheistical doctrines have brought you?—wretched man, did I not predict the result unless you reformed?"

"Well, said the pirate impatiently, "I do not want any moralizing, nor have I asked this interview for the purpose of begging my

Ruggles and his Master.

Thinkst thou that she whose only light
In this dim world from thee hath shone,
Can bear the long and cheerless night
That must be hers when thou art gone?—
That I can live and let thee go
Who art my life itself?—no, no!—
When the stem dies the leaf that grew
Out of its heart must perish too.—LALLA ROOKEH.

At that dread glance no pen can describe the mental agony that convulsed the mind of the proud and haughty knight. Surprise, horror, wounded pride, and paternal love, all struggled for the mastery; but pride conquered.

"Wretched boy!" he cried in the agony of conflicting emotions, but checking himself as if unwilling to betray to those around his affinity to the culprit, he thundered out as pride came to his aid—

"Take him away! take him away! To the nearest prison with him, Carlynden—don't take him on board of my ship! I wouldn't have such a double-dyed miscreant there! let him be punished by the civil laws of this country—I shall have nothing to do with him!"

"I shall take care what to do with him, though," muttered Carlynden, in an inaudible tone, as he stopped forward to lead the young man away—"the prison to which I shall consign him will be an eternal one. I foresee it all," he thought—"between this girl's tears and pleading and the old man's relenting feelings, he will be pardoned, and I will be sacrificed—and if he is received into favor again, of course, they will manage to procure his pardon, on condition that he 'repents, and becomes an exemplary member of society'—and so good bye to my chance of Miss Mason's hand, and the consequent improvement in my finances. Come along, sir," he added aloud, placing his hand on young Sarsfield's shoulder—"come! we lose time."

He then turned round and whispered to a soldier behind him who acted in the capacity of his servant, and again requested the prisoner to follow.

The agony of the latter was made apparent by the beaded drops of perspiration that rolled from his brow—yet, at every effort he made to speak, his utterance was choked by the profuse rush of blood that filled his mouth from the wound.

Again Frances, pale, trembling and almost frantic, threw herself at the English Knight's feet—

"You see," she exclaimed, in an imploring voice, "that he is bleeding to death—the most inhuman savage of the forest would not hunt his enemy to death thus!—at least, let his wound be bound up, or he will expire on his way to prison. I saw a gleam of mercy in your face, just now," she exclaimed to the elder Sarsfield—"extend it to this crushed and wretched being, or you yourself, old man may one day cry for it in vain."

life. And yet for the sake of our former friendship, I am about asking a favor which will probably be the last I shall seek at the hands of man."

"Unfortunate being!" said Sarsfield, feeling for him deeply, "name your request."

"It is that you will not take me on shore; remove these guards, and I will soon rid you of my presence. O, if the false hearted dogs who betrayed me were to perish with me, I would hang as soon as not—and I am sorry only that there is not an Hereafter, so that I torment them for their treachery! Sarsfield! Sarsfield!" he almost shrieked, "By all your hopes of earth or heaven, take off these men, and allow me to find a grave in the dark waters below."

"Heaven forbid!" cried Sarsfield shuddering; "unrepentent wretch, would you cut off all hope of pardon by sending yourself thus redolent of blood and black with crime into the presence of the Almighty?"

"It is all a fable!" he yelled, making a desperate exertion to burst his fetters; his struggles, accompanied by the most horrible contortions of visage and imprecated blasphemies too terrible to record, produced convulsions; his eyes rolled up in the sockets, his teeth became clenched, and his face turned black and livid from the rush of blood to the brain.

"Take him below," cried Sarsfield, closing his eyes upon the horrible spectacle, for it had turned him faint and sick.

"In troth its nae carnie," said McGregor, motioning to the quarter master to remove him, and writhing as though wrestling with a demon, the wretched man was borne below.

Glad was Sarsfield to change the scene by going into his own cabin, and conversing with the angelic woman he had rescued. She had just then recovered her consciousness, as has been described in a former chapter, and found as she supposed, the pirate watching over her. The manner in which he had had her taken home, the scene in the garden, her rejection of Carlynden, the sudden re-appearance of the supposed pirate—are events with which the reader is already acquainted. We shall therefore return to the point of our story where Sir Edward becomes impressed with the belief that the celebrated Jordan was no other than his own beloved son. He never for a moment dreamed of the true state of the case, but imagined that, having the means and men at his command, he had, from some mad and unaccountable impulse adopted the stirring life of the Buccaneer.

at he heard her not. His eye was fixed upon his son, as Carlynden led him away, fettered and bleeding. For some time he controlled his emotion—at length a burst of agonized feeling convulsed his iron frame, and he exclaimed—

"The boy I adored—who I vainly thought possessed all the courage and honor of his ancestors!—the first of all my line who ever disgraced their fathers' fame by treason such as this!—The image of his sainted mother, too!—and must he die?—so young—so beautiful?—Heaven help me! my brain is reeling! How shall I sustain myself under this dreadful blow? And I had yearned to meet him again—and I have met him—met him to see him die by the hangman and the gibbet!—My God! My son—my son!" and the stern old veteran, no longer able to control his nature, hid his face in his hands and groaned aloud. But it was too late; Carlynden had hurried him off as Frances Mason fell to the sword, as pale and motionless as if the angel of Death had stricken her down forever.

Meanwhile a singular conversation was being held by two other characters engaged in this scene—Ruggles and the half-distracted father of Frances.

The former, who had stood gazing on as Sir Edward made the discovery which identified the culprit as his son, closely scrutinized the face of the latter, and exclaimed, half aloud:

"Something wrong in all this! that is not Jordan, and it would be useless for me to make Mason acquainted with the knowledge I possess until I can produce the real party in person. I see how it will be," he thought, as he heard Carlynden mutter those ominous words which predicted death to young Sarsfield—"I see how it will be; I shall have the coast clear, and no one to interfere with my plans. Both these fellows, young Sarsfield and Carlynden, are evidently my rivale—and, if they live, both have a thousand fold better chance of success than I have. But the officer will have this fellow they mistake for Jordan put out of the way, I see that, and thus I shall be rid of him: then I will accuse Carlynden of his murder, and bring forward his servant to prove the charge, and so get him out of the way. It is a daring project, though—but I cannot fail; his life, character, fortune are in my hands, and he dare not refuse. I know his crime, and he is aware of it, and the hand of Frances Mason must be mine as the reward of my silence. Hitherto I've not brought matters to a close because I never could lay my hands on Jordan; but now I think I can give a good guess as to his whereabouts. It is as plain as noon day that Sir Edward was right when he suggested that it must have been the strange vessel which bore down that rescued her. I begin to see through the whole of it—this young fellow has captured Jordan, and then through some romantic whim has played his part and enacted the pirate for Miss Mason's special benefit, and now, owing to his wound, he cannot explain

matters away. It is devilish lucky Sir Edward has got the notion into his head that this young fellow is the real Jordan, otherwise he would liberate him, and thus leave him still at liberty to prosecute his love suit. In all likelihood, then, Jordan is a prisoner in the vessel this fellow commands, and should Mason refuse, I can have terrible revenge by revealing everything to his son—so in either case I shall be gainer—for if he refuses me his daughter with a large dowry, I will place the son in possession of his fortune and claim half the spoils as my reward."

Thus soliloquizing, he advanced to where the old merchant stood wrapt in moody meditations, and gazing apathetically upon his daughter's inanimate form.

"Mr. Mason," said Ruggles, in a low tone, "do you remember that night—"

"Villain!" hissed the old man, trembling like an aspen, "dare you allude to that again! Have I not purchased your silence with nearly half my wealth?"

"It is not enough for so terrible a secret," answered Ruggles moodily—"nor do you yet know the full extent of my knowledge."

"Not enough!" groaned Mason, "and what more would you have?"

"Your daughter's hand!"

"My daughter's hand!" almost yelled the old man, growing pale with passion, fear and doubt—"you!—you!" he gasped, curling his thin lip, "are you mad? Dungehill serf! dare you aspire to such a price?"

"Dare I aspire?" that is not the question, it is—dare you refuse?"

"Yes, dog!—betray me if you will—do your worst, you must suffer with me, and we will both die by the hangman ere Frances Mason becomes the wife of such as you."

"She is like, as things go, to become the wife of a most respectable personage—to wit, the pirate yonder. Should that fellow escape I would like very much to see how you could prevent her from flying to his arms."

"Demon, it is useless to tempt me—I will not purchase my safety by sacrificing my child. No! the deed is done—and as my accomplice, you dare not, for your own sake, denounce me."

"But the boy lives," said Ruggles, slowly, watching the effects of his words. The old man started—cleared his hands, and stood as if struck speechless with astonishment.

"Liar!" he cried, at length—"how know you this?"

"I have watched him step by step, ever since that night. I did not carry your orders into effect, but restored him to his mother—who supported him in the most ample manner till within a year since, I can produce him now, and by imparting to him a knowledge of his birth and your unnatural crime, ruin you forever!"

"Ha! I fear you not now," cried Mason, partly recovering himself—"since he lives, what have I to fear from your developments? True, his claims might involve me in a law

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in ignorance of the fact that Sarsfield had hitherto represented the pirate, but still imagined that the desperado before him was identical with the one which Carlynden had been ordered to convey to prison. Had he known the turn things were taking, and that Captain Sarsfield and not the outlaw was his daughter's lover, his trepidation would have vanished—but one overpowering terror alone filled his mind, and it could grasp nothing else—that was lest Ruggles should communicate to the pirate the dreadful secret of his birth.

The former now approached Jordan, while Mason's eyes dilated wildly with terror; the pirate immediately recognizing him, cried—

"Seize this man, too—he belonged to the Ocean Queen."

"Madman," interrupted Ruggles, "I am about to impart a secret to you which you have long desired to hear."

"Villain, I want no favors at your hands! You are one of those who conspired to betray me, dog, and I will have revenge yet!"—cried Jordan struggling to release his hands.

"Hold, Ruggles, hold," exclaimed Mason, darting forward, "reveal nothing I consent to your terms."

"He shall reveal nothing," yelled Jordan, "unless he reveals it in hell!" He had succeeded in wresting his hands from the cords, and grasping the sword which hung at Sarsfield's side, he plunged it into the wretched victim's breast.

With an imprecation too horrible to repeat, he fell to the earth! "I am murdered!" he yelled, tearing up the grass with his hands—"murdered by Mason's son!—whose life I saved from his own father—O, I have brought this upon myself!—I deserve it all!"—his articulation became indistinct, and, with a deep, apasmotic sigh, he became insensible.

Jordan was again free—armed, and mad with desperate courage. Sir Edward had just grasped him by the throat, in an attempt to regain his sword, when a crowd entered at the lower end of the garden, bearing two bodies on a rude litter.

CHAP. XIX.

The Last.

Last scene of all

That ends this strange, eventful history.—SHAKS.

What Ruggles had said relative to the intentions of Carlynden, was, indeed, true. When he left the group, he directed his servant to follow him, and assist in conveying Sarsfield to prison, which was situated at no very great distance, making use, at the same time, of those expressions which Ruggles had overheard. When they had proceeded a little way, Carlynden said in a whisper—

"Now, Inglis, you understand—while I

walk forward a few yards, you do the job, and save all the trouble of a trial. Here is £20— with that you can make your escape, and can say that in revenge for some slaughtered friend you stabbed him on the way to prison. What say you?"

"I don't know," muttered Inglis, "I don't like the idea of being made the scape goat in this matter, and, if I am taken, I don't promise but that I'll become King's evidence. Why not leave him here somewhere, and let him bleed to death?"

"Hush! I heard a footstep beside us!"

The prisoner, who was in advance, also seemed to hear it, for he looked around; it was now quite dark, however, and nothing could be seen.

"After all," muttered Carlynden, his better nature revolting at the deed, "it is a vile piece of business; and one, that a few years, since I would have blushed to have thought of. But altered circumstances very strangely alter our feelings. If he goes to prison, the intercession of Frances acting on his father's relenting heart, will procure his release—and the result will be their marriage; there is no doubt but that Frances loves him—and both herself and her fortune shall vanish from my grasp so sure as he is released. Besides I do not commit the deed—if this man chooses to take his life, what have I to upbraid myself with?—it is no affair of mine. By this species of reasoning he soon reconciled his conscience to the task, but ere he had time to put his plan into execution a man stood before the prisoner, exclaiming, as if he had previously been in doubt about his identity—

"It is the captain, by the lord Harry—pinioned, and wounded into the bargain! why Captain Sarsfield, who has done this?"

"Is that a business of yours, sirrah?" cried Carlynden, springing forward with his drawn sword—"begone—or it will be worse for you!"

"I should think it was a business of mine," replied Lytton, for it was he—"and as to going, I must first know the meaning of all this."

Carlynden was averse to shedding more blood than was necessary—yet the stubbornness of this man required a desperate remedy, for he seemed bent on keeping them at a dead halt till he was enlightened on the subject of his captain's arrest.

"Fool!"—whispered Carlynden in a hissing tone—"meddle not in what in no way concerns you—here is money—begone—or you will get worse payment, I tell you!"

"Money!"—cried the high spirited and haughty Lytton, striking the officer with his clenched fist a blow that sent him reeling headlong to the earth—"and there is value received for your money!"

"Inglis!—stab me this villain churl!"—shouted Carlynden as he fell. The soldier rushed forward, but the midshipman parrying his blow, would have paid it with interest, had

not the lieutenant attacked him behind at the same moment.

"Foul odds!"—said Lytton, calmly—"but I have beat greater in my time." His usual success, however, did not seem to attend him, for Carlynden was a cool and experienced swordsman, and it was with the utmost difficulty, he could defend himself from two adversaries at once.

"Fight on!"—exclaimed the Lieutenant, as he observed Inglis pause and look round—"what are you, man—you are justified in killing a d—d pirate who attempts a rescue."

"And I am justified in killing any one who attempts the life of Mr. Lytton, or Captain Sarsfield," cried a voice behind, and at the same moment Carlynden fell to the earth, stunned, by a tremendous blow. It was the sailor who had been dispatched to look for Lytton.

During the combat, Sarsfield, who was unable to participate in it, had sank upon the ground from weakness and loss of blood,—Inglis fled the moment Carlynden fell, and made good his escape, leaving the Midshipman and his men for masters of the field.—The latter now went in search of assistance, and soon met McGregor and the Servants by whose aid a rude litter was contrived on which the two bodies were laid.

There is little remains to be told. Sarsfield, who was merely faint with loss of blood, was soon revived by the aid of restoratives. Ere, however, his repentant father could make amends for his harshness by one fond embrace, a whiter pair of arms were thrown around the young officer's neck, and a softer cheek than that of the old veteran's, pressed to his.

Whether, he ever after argued against the right of Society to legislate for individuals to convince her of the justice of plundering one's neighbor, we know not—but this we do know, that he argued so strongly in favor of the matrimonial state, that shortly after the foregoing events, he left the service, and they became united. McGregor obtained the command of the brig—and Lytton was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant. Of Carlynden little was afterwards known, further than that he exchanged into an East India Regiment, where it was supposed by some, that he acquired a fortune and returned to Europe—but other accounts state that owing to a strong tendency in distilled liquors towards speedy dissolution, and a stronger tendency in him towards distilled liquors, they united to produce a most unpleasant and sudden result—which consisted in his being placed one day, on the shoulders of six Sepoys, who kept time to the tune of "Roseline Castle," which was played the while they marched, by the brass band that accompanied them.

As for Jordan, after making a desperate resistance, he was overpowered by those who bore the bodies on the litter, who had arrived just in time to aid Sir Edward and the sailor

in his detention. On finding himself apprehended he went into one of his furious paroxysms—curled the author of his being, and was borne off breathing the most terrific oaths. During the struggle, Mason stood as if paralyzed—nor was it until Ruggles had ceased to live, that he breathed freely—knowing that his secret, of whatever nature it may have been, was now safe forever. He never, however, fully recovered from the shock occasioned by that night's proceedings, and did not long survive the date of the transaction.

Hans Vanhrst succeeded to the command of the Ocean Queen, the wound inflicted by the 'terrible captain' giving him a claim to the suffrages of the crew. But he did not long enjoy his new honors—being shortly afterwards captured by McGregor. On the scaffold he addressed the crowd, probably with the intention of warning them from the course which had proved so fatal to him, but being unable to proceed further than "Good beoble—Von hunder tausend teuils!"—Jack Ketch, not understanding the characteristic phlegm of his nation, became impatient, and the drop fell, and he was summarily ushered into the presence of the "hundred thousand" friends of his he had been in the habit of calling upon so often.

Jordan, however, desirous of disappointing the folks of a holiday, and disapproving altogether of those inhuman exhibitions which were wont to gratify the morbid taste for blood evinced by the people of Rome—died in prison by his own hand—thus winding up his career, and a "Legend of Cape Breton" at the same time.

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